

The Listener

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In this number:

'Should the Pound be Revalued?' (Roy Harrod), 'The Cult of Nostalgia' (Elizabeth Bowen),
Mr. Churchill's Fourth Volume (B. H. Liddell Hart)

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Should the Pound be Revalued?

By ROY HARROD

TO get a correct perspective in discussing what should be done about the pound, we have to look back to 1949, when Sir Stafford Cripps was telling us that the pound would not be devalued. I believe that in maintaining a firm front against devaluation he had the right instinct. But in the course of 1949 forces came into play that were too strong for us and by September devaluation was inevitable. The situation was beyond our control. Where Sir Stafford Cripps may be criticised was, not in resisting the idea of devaluation, but in having failed considerably earlier to take the steps that would have prevented such a situation arising in 1949.

It has come to be recognised that there are situations in which devaluation of a currency is the best way out of difficulties. Was the situation in 1949 one of these? If it was, we should have to be very chary about reversing the process. But if it was not the correct remedy, if it was one forced on us as an expedient for getting out of some immediate and perhaps short-lived difficulties, then we can consider reversing the process with much less misgiving. There are various possible reasons why devaluation may have to be accepted as a correct and permanent cure. For instance, if inflationary forces have been at work and costs have been successively raised, so that the currency has come to have less purchasing power over goods, then it may be wise to accept the situation as it is and give the currency a new official value at a lower level in terms of other currencies. It is no good crying over spilt milk, and it is not practicable to go round to all the wage-earners and salary-earners in the nation and say 'Look here, my good fellows, your wages have been raised too much: let's have an all round reduction and prices will fall in line and we'll all be happier than before'. Devaluation provides a possible alternative.

But was this the situation in 1949? We all know that British costs had risen very much. The whole question is—how much? As it was a question of devaluing the pound against the dollar, the main point

is, how much had costs risen in the United States? They had had inflation there too. Had British costs risen much more than in the United States? I believe that many people in this country thought they had. But in fact they had not. If we look at published information, we find that wages in the United States had risen since before the war 46 per cent. more than ours. This figure allows for the fact that the rate of exchange of 4.03 dollars to the pound, which had been ruling for the ten years prior to devaluation, was itself about one-sixth below the pre-war rate of exchange. It may be the case that wages could increase by 46 per cent. in the United States compared with our own, without raising their costs compared with ours, simply because their productivity had risen that much. But we, too, had had some rise of productivity here. On the face of it, this 46 per cent. rise in United States wages compared with ours would suggest that it was they, rather than we, who were due to have a devaluation of their currency. Anyhow, it is difficult to believe that we were due for one on this score.

Another way or approaching the matter is by looking at the balance of trade. If a country's costs are too high, that should show itself in an adverse balance of trade. It seems that in 1948 and 1949 together British foreign trade was in overall balance, quite apart from Marshall Aid, which actually gave us a surplus on overall account. Then in that case there was surely nothing wrong with the external valuation of the currency. If, at the rate of 4.03 dollars to the pound, we could export enough to pay for our imports, there would seem to be no case for saying that our exports were impeded by an over-valuation of the pound. Ah but, the critics will come along and say, Britain was in deficit on its dollar trade, and we must think, not only of the overall balance of trade, but of the balance of trade with the dollar area in particular. There was a deficit on the dollar trade. But so there had been before the war—a bigger one. And so, probably, if foreign trade ever settles down again into a regular pattern, there always will be. It is not natural

or right that each country should have an exact balance of trade with every other area taken separately. There is what is called multilateral settlement

One may approach the matter in yet another way: from the point of view of full employment. If a country is suffering from severe unemployment, and has not too good a balance of trade, it may be needful to stimulate exports, and thereby employment, by devaluing the currency, as a prelude to or concomitant of other measures designed to stimulate employment. This was done by Australia in 1930. The British devaluation in 1931, although not deliberately done, in effect served a similar purpose. It had a directly stimulating effect on our textile exports and prepared the way for other measures here, such as low interest rates, which brought about a considerable measure of recovery during the 'thirties. The United States, in 1933, did the same thing quite deliberately, although some say inadvisedly. They were then suffering from most severe unemployment and thought that dollar devaluation might serve as one among a number of other cures for that evil. But in 1949 we had no unemployment. On the contrary, we were suffering from labour shortage and inflationary pressure. In these circumstances devaluation is quite the wrong sort of remedy. It must have some tendency—and in our case has had—to add fuel to the flames of inflation. The basic features which might in normal circumstances justify devaluation are—costs having become too high, the trade balance being adverse, the economy suffering from unemployment. None of these features was present in 1949, and from each of these points of view devaluation was a wrong step to take. Why then was it done? I do not want to suggest that it was a mere piece of lunacy. There are two parts to this story. Both are concerned with the difficulties of other countries as well as Britain.

The Psychological Aspect

First there is the psychological aspect of the matter; already in early 1949 there was anxiety in the United States about what would happen when the period of Marshall Aid came to an end. There were foolish people on this side of the water who blathered about the necessity of Marshall Aid going on for ever; they said that the countries of Europe could never again be self-supporting and that the Americans would find that it would be very good for employment in their country to go on giving away large quantities of goods. I do not suggest that the British Government or other responsible people had any truck with this view. Naturally it was quite unacceptable in the United States. Where the British Government may have failed was in not pointing convincingly enough to measures being taken that would bring all to balance when Marshall Aid was over. The Americans felt that they must bring their own minds to bear on this problem. In quite an altruistic spirit, to help us, they suggested that we—meaning by this something broader than Britain herself—should try devaluation. This would help exports to the dollar area and thus tend to close the 'dollar gap', which Marshall Aid was temporarily filling. It was the active canvassing of this idea in the United States early in the year 1949 that made people all over the world think that devaluation would probably come. Once they got this idea into their heads, it became inevitable. It was a repetition of the earlier story of 1931. Britain is a world-wide banker, and sterling is held as a medium of reserve the world over. Expecting devaluation, people began to desert sterling; there was, in fact, a run on the bank. It is true that in Britain there are very tight controls and it is not easy to take money out of the country, and in the outer sterling area there are controls too. But by and large the controls did not succeed in preventing a large withdrawal of money.

The other aspect of the story goes deeper. Britain is a world-wide banker. Her position had been made somewhat vulnerable by the great accumulation of foreign-held sterling balances abroad during the war, when Britain had obtained goods and services from other countries on credit. I referred just now to prior actions that should have been taken if devaluation was to be avoided; one of these would have been a more businesslike handling of the claims on Britain left outstanding from the war in the form of foreign-held sterling bank balances.

There was at this time a world-wide dollar shortage. Instead of the natural triangle of trade developing, by which Britain would acquire dollars from third parties to pay for her normal deficit on direct account with the dollar area, she was in an exactly opposite position. She had to pay out dollars, not for herself alone, but for others. Her position as a world-wide banker meant that a sizeable part of the world-wide dollar shortage impinged upon her; where she was a creditor on trade account, she could not get paid in dollars, but she was paid off in her

own old sterling which had been accumulated by others at an earlier date. Where she was a debtor, she could not pay her debt in sterling, her creditors insisting on dollar payment. It was fundamentally Britain's world-wide banking position, and not her trading position, that forced her to devalue. This does not mean that, matters having reached the pass they did in 1949, devaluation was wrong. Her banking position is a very important matter to her; it also helps her trading position. The point I want to emphasise is that devaluation was fundamentally not a remedy for Britain's own disequilibrium, but a remedy which, although in equilibrium herself, she had to adopt in order to get the whole world to rectify its position on dollar account.

That being the situation, what was devaluation expected to achieve? The obvious point is that it was to bring the run on sterling to an end, to convert bears of sterling into bulls, to use the technical words. This it successfully achieved. But clearly this is not relevant to the long-run effect and justification of devaluation. It does, however, give a reason for caution now. Precipitate revaluation might convert the bulls into bears again, and that would be a grave matter. It means that we should proceed very cautiously, by small steps, feeling our way forward; we must not go beyond the point at which there are at least as many people who think that sterling will move still further upwards as think it will relapse downwards.

Secondly, devaluation was expected to achieve a permanent improvement in our trade balance and particularly in our dollar balance. How have things turned out? British exports to the dollar area only rose from \$771,000,000 to \$882,000,000 between 1948 and 1950. This was a very poor increase. Considering that there was a most active export drive during this period to promote dollar exports, it might be thought that this increase could have been achieved without devaluation at all. If we look at our total exports, as distinct from our exports to the dollar area, the dollar value of these actually dropped slightly. This does not mean that the devaluation did not stimulate exports. It did. The volume of our exports, that is the quantity of things sent out, increased between 1948 and 1950 by no less than 28 per cent. This was a most heroic effort. It meant that something like 11 per cent. of the total manufacturing capacity of the country, in all its various shapes and forms, must have been devoted to sending out these extra exports. The trouble is that all this mighty effort is not bringing home any result to Britain. The increased volume of exports is offset by the lower dollar prices at which we have had to offer the exports. Or—looking at the matter a little differently—how many imports will all these additional exports buy for us? If we take the prices for our exports and those for our imports ruling in 1951, the answer is that our vastly increased volume of exports will not buy us any more imports at all. That is why I say that devaluation has been a woeful failure.

Improvement in Our Banking Position

Meanwhile, our banking position has improved out of recognition. Part of this is due to the capital movements, which are ephemeral. A substantial part is due to the import restrictions which were introduced before devaluation. The arrangement for a European payments union has contributed something. Most important of all are the higher prices obtained for the outer sterling area exports of material. We have had a large influx of gold. Mr. Gaitskell has told us that the net gold balance is declining and may decline more. But so long as the emergency situation continues, we can count on the whole sterling area gold balance not deteriorating back to the situation of 1949. Behind all is the vital fact that the world-wide dollar shortage, which was the main reason for devaluation, has greatly abated for reasons quite unconnected with it.

But as producers and traders we are suffering terribly in two ways. Most important is the strain on our factory capacity in having to produce this vast volume of extra exports to get no more imports than before. We just cannot continue to do this and have an effective arms programme as well. Secondly, the rising prices of our imports are raising the cost of living, thereby giving rise to fresh wage demands, and there is serious danger now that we may have a spiral of upward-moving prices and wages, a most frightful evil which we managed to avoid even in the second war. It is fair to say that what is called the worsening in the terms of trade, that is our having to give so many more exports to get the same imports, is not wholly due to devaluation but partly to the higher prices of many things we import as the result of the Korean outbreak. That is no reason for not correcting that part which is due to devaluation by a revaluation, and we might even push

the revaluation to the point of offsetting some of the other effect also.

As this is bound to be a matter of international controversy, and some nations may possibly object to a British revaluation, we ought to take a firm stand on a principle of absolutely impregnable validity. We should say that we are absolutely determined to prevent the value of our currency, the British pound sterling, deteriorating in terms of goods. This is a life-and-death matter for us. We are perfectly ready to co-operate with others to prevent a world-wide inflation of prices, if that can be done. But, to the extent that it cannot be done, or anyhow is not done, we should take our stand that we will not allow a deterioration of sterling. We should meet a world-wide rise of prices by raising the external quotation of sterling so that, when these prices

are expressed in sterling, they are no higher, or not seriously higher, than in 1949. We cannot be wrong to insulate ourselves from a world-wide inflation. Of course we should push forward with international co-operation; that takes time to bring any results; these next two years are vital to us. Either we shall or shall not be able to produce the arms we aim at producing; either we shall or shall not be involved in that horrible evil of spiralling inflation. For those two purposes we must do our utmost to conserve the commodity value of sterling at a stable level. In the long run this will serve the interests of other countries, too. The devaluation of 1949 was forced on us in peculiar circumstances; it put sterling out of equilibrium with other countries; now that the special circumstances of 1949 are past, we should begin to reverse the process.—*Third Programme*

The Political Game in Siam

By A. S. B. OLVER

IT is difficult for a casual observer like myself not to feel some admiration for the skill with which the Siamese have in recent years conducted their political affairs. Siam is the only country in south-east Asia which has never fallen under foreign colonial domination. She was the only country which largely escaped the ravages of the Pacific war and its aftermath, and she is now the only country in the area which does not suffer from guerrilla warfare or large-scale banditry. To those who regard some form of genuine democracy as an essential prerequisite for the solution of the troubles of Asia this state of affairs must seem surprising, for the truth is that although they have the facade of a democratic constitutional monarchy, the real organisation of politics in Siam is far from democratic in any western—or indeed in any other—sense. The country is run by a small politically-conscious minority—to be numbered perhaps only in hundreds—and so far as one can judge the rules which govern the game of politics as they play it have little or no relation to the will of the people as a whole.

Before 1932 the country was governed by an absolute but benevolent monarchy. In the latter part of the nineteenth century Siam had the good fortune to come under the rule of two great kings who, unlike the

contemporary Burmese monarch, recognised the necessity of bending to the wind from the west. They avoided any action which could give an excuse for direct western intervention, they engaged on their own initiative advisers from a number of western countries, and they made efforts to adopt so much of westernism as seemed suitable for their people. Even so Siam suffered a version of extraterritoriality; the last traces were not removed until 1938: but she did retain her independence. She was helped in this by the fact that she lay between British and French spheres of influence, but she owed her continued independence largely I think to the delicacy with which her kings conducted her affairs.



Marshal Pibul, Prime Minister of Siam

The administration of Siam under the monarchy was mainly in the hands of members of the Royal Family, which, owing to the habit of the kings until quite recently of taking numerous wives, was very large indeed. During the nineteen-twenties this near monopoly of the senior official posts by the princes produced a combination, dedicated to the overthrow of absolutism, between the officers of the armed services and what are usually described as the 'liberal intelligentsia'. On June 24, 1932, a group of officers and intellectuals subsequently known as the 'Promoters' carried out a bloodless coup, and as a result of this the outward trappings at least of constitutionalism were introduced into the country.

A more fundamental change, however, was that power shifted from the Royal Family, regulated as it was by the traditions and customs of the monarchy, into the hands of a small group of soldiers and intellectuals amongst whom authority seems to go in the last resort to whoever has control of the largest number of arms. In considering this otherwise regrettable state of affairs it is essential to note that Siamese politics have a remarkable tradition of non-violence. The old monarchy was notable amongst the despotisms of the east for its relative benevolence and moderation and the custom seems to have been inherited by the Promoters. The 1932 coup was peaceful and, though there have subsequently been a fairly large number of abortive coups and one or two successful ones, none of them has ever been accompanied by any very considerable violence. The most recent coup is said to have involved a few



Outside the Ministry of Defence in Bangkok, November, 1947, after Marshal Pibul's bloodless coup which overthrew Admiral Dhamrong

accidental deaths but many of the earlier ones were completely bloodless and all have been noticeable for the relative absence of real vindictiveness amongst the contestants. This cannot, I think, be put down to the religion of the country, for the Burmese profess the same form of Buddhism and their history has been far from non-violent. It is tempting to regard the coup as taking a similar place in Siamese political life to that generally assigned to the general election in British political life. So long as there is always the possibility that you can take over the government by a bloodless demonstration, that you possess a superior collection of arms, really revolutionary violence is unnecessary.

A 'Plain Business Man'

Illustrations of the lack of vindictiveness come readily to mind. It is said for instance that during the most recent successful coup, that in November 1947, the tanks and troops of Marshal Pibul, who was conducting the coup, rolled noisily up to the house of his chief rival Nai Pridi and that the soldiers knocked politely on the front door so that they might inform him that he was to be arrested. He needless to say departed by the back door. Not long afterwards the actual Prime Minister at the time of the coup, Admiral Dhamrong, who had been concealed, it is thought by the Navy, was said to have met Pibul and to have assured him that he did not intend to organise a counter-coup. When I subsequently met Dhamrong in Bangkok he told me that he had given up politics for good and was now only a plain business man, but I found no one in Bangkok who believed him. On the other side, Pibul was for a time after the war placed under arrest as a 'war criminal', but was released in March 1946, while Pridi was in power, on the ground that this was a category unknown when he committed the offence and that legislation of this kind should not be retro-active.

Since the possession of arms would appear to be the most important factor in the holding of power in Siam, it is not surprising that the leaders of the Army have controlled the Government for most of the time since 1932. The chief exception to this state of affairs was in the period immediately following the Japanese war. Pibul had in 1942 declared war on Britain and America, and as it became clear that the Japanese would lose the war the conclusion was drawn that with the Allied victory Pibul would, temporarily at least, cease to enjoy a preponderance of armed strength. Quite apart from the fact that the country would undoubtedly be occupied by Allied troops, the Allies were engaged in dropping arms on a considerable scale to a movement organised by Pridi and entitled the 'Free Thai'. Pibul saw the writing on the wall and in 1944 he resigned as Prime Minister, to be succeeded by Nai Khuang, a representative of a group of politicians who are in Siamese terms relatively idealistic, but who lack arms and are therefore merely used as a convenience by the two major groups when for some reason they do not themselves wish actually to hold office.

Changes of Prime Minister

With the end of war it might have been expected that Pridi would have openly taken over the reins of government, but at that moment the Siamese wanted to enlist the support of the United States in order to restrain Britain from imposing a hard peace on Siam, which had during the war seized four of the Malay States and two of the Shan States in Burma. The United States had refused to recognise Pibul's declaration of war—which was insulting no doubt but fortunate for Siam. Another member of the middle group of politicians, Mom Rajawongse Seni Pramoj, who had been Ambassador in Washington at the outbreak of the Pacific war, remained in the United States as a symbol of Siamese opposition to Japan. He therefore was made Prime Minister. Once his usefulness in gaining American support had been exhausted, however, Seni departed, to be succeeded first—and briefly—by Khuang again and then as might have been expected by Pridi himself.

Now I am told that Pridi had stored the source of his power, a hoard of arms originally dropped to the Free Thai, in the University of Moral and Political Sciences in Bangkok, which he had himself founded in 1934 and which was a forcing house for his supporters. Some time during 1946 he paid a visit to his arms hoard and discovered that his quartermaster general, or whatever the title of the official in charge of the arms was, had quietly sold them—to his own financial advantage but to the destruction of Pridi's power—to the Viet-Minh in Indo-China. Whatever the truth of this story, Pridi resigned as Prime Minister in August 1946, installing in his place

Admiral Dhamrong, whose support by the Navy was presumably hoped to be capable of giving the Pridi regime a further, if rather precarious, lease of life. The regime—and this I think should make it clear that Siam though not a democracy in the western sense is not a dictatorship in the western sense either—had also come, as do all modern Siamese regimes, under very heavy attack in the press for corruption. It was also accused of having done away with the young King, who died a mysterious death, probably by an accident, on June 9, 1946. Of the subsequent accusations of corruption against the Pridi regime, one of the most unkind, if the story about his unreliable quartermaster general is true, was that which suggested that Pridi himself had been selling Siamese arms to the Viet-Minh.

Dhamrong was still Prime Minister at the beginning of 1947, but by then news of Pridi's loss must have got about, for Pibul, who had 'retired from politics' in the spring of 1946, re-entered them again, and in March, 1947, announced his intention of founding a new party whose Siamese title is usually translated into English as the 'Right is Might' Party. Almost simultaneously Pridi announced that he was retiring from politics, giving among other reasons for this decision 'old age'. He was born in 1896. Finally, on November 9, 1947, Pibul carried out his successful coup.

World Recognition Needed

It was however not immediately convenient for Pibul to take office himself. The new regime needed the recognition of the outside world and there were undoubtedly still lingering suspicions, particularly in Britain and the United States, of the man who had hastened not merely to acquiesce in—that could perhaps have been forgiven—but also to take advantage of the Japanese aggression in 1941. Pibul therefore announced that he had merely acted to sweep away the corrupt Pridi regime and to ensure honest government, and would now step aside. Khuang once again became Prime Minister, martial law was ended and a general election, in which Khuang's Democrat Party gained a large majority, was held on January 29, 1948. One of the main planks in Khuang's platform was an attack on corruption, one step in this campaign being the reduction of controls on the honest but unusual ground that if your officials are corrupt, controls do little but provide them with opportunities. The picture of a democratically elected government pursuing a vigorous campaign against corruption was sufficient to persuade the outside world that the new state of affairs should be recognised and this was done. The Army then informed Khuang that he must resign and on April 12, 1948, Pibul became Prime Minister again.

He has remained in office and in power ever since, and though his tenure has been challenged by a number of attempted coups, usually with the support of the Navy, there seems no reason to suppose, barring some accident or strong external pressure, that he will not remain in power for some time. It has now been shown that the Navy is not strong enough by itself to overthrow a Prime Minister who has firm army and police support and unless there is a serious split amongst Pibul's supporters, unlikely in view of his skill in sharing out the fruits of office and in neutralising schismatics, it seems probable that Pridi will once again require outside support, witting or otherwise, to recover his position. The Parliamentary Opposition is certainly not a very great danger to Pibul. When I asked them what they hoped to do if they succeeded in passing a vote of censure on the Government for corruption and other failings they were preparing, both Khuang and Seni appeared to be horrified by the idea. They seemed to think of themselves more as a ginger group than as a real alternative government. In this connection there seems little doubt that corruption has increased in Siam, as elsewhere in south-east Asia, since the war. Politicians and officials will all tell you that though they and their friends are shining exceptions to the rule nearly everyone else is terribly corrupt. It should be said, however, that when—wishing to establish some standard in my own mind—I asked one opposition politician, who had read me a long lecture on the depths to which the Government had fallen, if they were as bad as the Philippines, he indignantly denied it.

In explanation of the Opposition attitude to the Government Seni told me, not for the first time, the story of the buffalo covered with biting flies who, when a passing monkey offered to drive them away, begged him not to on the ground that they were more or less sated, unlike the flies who would certainly take their place. But the real reason for the unwillingness to contemplate the success of a vote of censure requiring the resignation of the government would seem to be their consciousness that by the rules of the game Parliament can be

used for the scoring of small points, but that a parliamentary majority bears no relation to the making or unmaking of governments. The resignation of Pridi in August, 1946, soon after he had won an overwhelming victory in an election, and of Khuang in similar circumstances in 1948, is perhaps sufficient evidence of this.

With events in the surrounding countries in mind, you may perhaps wonder why, in view of the apparently irresponsible conduct of the political cliques, Siam has not proved a happy hunting ground for the communists. Pridi himself has been accused of being a communist and of seeking Chinese communist support to recover his position. The first accusation at least seems to me unlikely to be well-founded, and there is general agreement, not of course always a very reliable guide, that Siamese communists are in fact almost non-existent. This does not mean that there are no communists in Siam, for the large Chinese community, which almost monopolises commerce in Siam, undoubtedly contains a communist party and perhaps a large one. But amongst Siamese themselves communists would seem to be few and far between.

There appear to be a number of factors which contribute to this happy state. The one which Siamese and foreign experts alike regard as most important is the absence of a serious agrarian problem which results from the present world demand for rice and the consequent prosperity. But even if there were agrarian unrest in Siam to provide the necessary peasant base for the Asian type of successful communist movement, it would still be necessary to provide the complementary and perhaps even more important component, a discontented and frustrated intelligentsia to work on the peasants. It is this which the ordinary European observer might expect the rather unprogressive nature of Siamese politics to produce. But in fact so far as I can see this has not happened. There is of course more than one reason for this. In the first place there has been little or nothing to produce an angry nationalism in the country and this has deprived communism of a fertile field for propaganda amongst the intelligentsia which it has enjoyed

elsewhere. It was, for instance, undoubtedly one of the most important causes of non-communist support for the communists in China.

The fact that the Chinese themselves are communist must also seem to many Siamese a good reason for not being communist, since nationalisation in Siam usually means 'ejecting the Chinese'. And there is no denying that the Promoters have between them been as successful as the absolute monarchs who preceded them in saving the country from many of the troubles and difficulties which beset its neighbours. By following the same rule in international as in internal politics, that is to say by accepting quietly the predominance of whoever has most arms, Siam has come not only unscathed but very prosperously through a time of terrible chaos and destruction in south-east Asia. It would obviously be difficult for Pibul to side with the Chinese communists—if only because he has a reputation for persecuting his Chinese minority; and he has in fact come openly down on the side of the Western Powers. But if the Chinese did succeed in a successful invasion of south-east Asia, Pridi, who has Chinese blood in his veins, is said to be waiting in Shanghai to take over and so once again put Siam on the side of the dominant power. Pibul has said that he will fight any invasion, but then he said that in 1941 too and the last thing any Siamese wants is a campaign fought across his country. That the Chinese communists would be as easy to cope with in occupation as the Japanese is of course unlikely, but I feel sure the Siamese would do their best.

Finally, I a little suspect that the present form of government is much easier for most of those Siamese who are politically-minded to appreciate than a more genuinely democratic and therefore much more difficult form would be. And as for the mass of the people, the peasants, they will I think take little or no interest in any form of government unless it is to protest more or less violently against any particular form, democratic, communist or other, which happened to be in existence if and when the present prosperity should end. And that at the moment does not seem imminent.—*Third Programme*

Truman, Taft—and Eisenhower

By JOSEPH C. HARSCH

I WOULD like here to discuss American politics. I know that the subject is difficult for British ears; the names of the individuals are unfamiliar and the places involved sound frequently like something out of *Hiawatha* rather than *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*. However, right now extremely interesting things are happening in the political background of the American public scene, things which can make a large difference in future relations between your country and mine. Also, if you consider the story you will, I think, have a better understanding of the real reasons why some things happen over here which so often seem puzzling to those who live across the Atlantic, things which sometimes are almost completely misinterpreted.

The essence of the current American political story is that a great issue has been joined between the professional politicians of both of our political parties and General Dwight D. Eisenhower. There are many people in this country who want an Eisenhower in their political future, but there are three groups of people who do not want any such unorthodox injection into the familiar American political pattern. One of these is the group of professional Republicans who follow Senator Robert Taft of Ohio. The second is the group of professional Democrats who regard President Truman as their leader. The third is the group of conservatives from both parties who wish to see the next election campaign fought between Taft and Truman, in the hope that the result will produce a Taft victory, and following that, a partial reversal of the social and economic revolution worked in this country during the Roosevelt era.

The election, which is the objective in all the political manoeuvrings of today, does not take place until November of next year, as provided by the American Constitution. But long before then the preliminary issue will almost certainly be resolved. Is it to be a contest between Taft and Truman, who represent or symbolise the most bitter internal domestic conflicts, or is it to be General Eisenhower, leading the moderates of both parties toward what might be an era of reconcilia-

tion in domestic affairs and relative unity on foreign policy? That is the pending question. It is urgent; it must be decided soon. It colours every political statement of every political figure. It enters into the calculations behind every vote cast in the Congress. It is part of the background against which the political principals of both parties make their policy decisions and time their speeches. The outcome will determine whether General Douglas MacArthur, for example, will conform with his own prophecy and fade away. If General Eisenhower becomes the dominant political factor in America, then General MacArthur must fade away. But right now, he, General MacArthur, is doing his utmost to see to it that the next President of the United States is Senator Taft, not General Eisenhower. For General MacArthur has become the mightiest single force in the armies of Mr. Taft. But specific details tell more than generalisations. Let us take first the following specific episode.

Recently, President Truman, the head of the Democratic Party, appointed the Republican Governor from the State of Minnesota to the Federal Bench. The mere appointment of a Republican by a Democratic President is not in itself unprecedented. The party in power is supposed to choose judges occasionally from the opposite party. However, this appointment occasioned both surprise and, in some places, consternation. The Minnesota Governor was extracted from his State and his local political activities by the appointment, and this was done on the day before he had been scheduled to launch a Minnesota State movement of Republicans for Eisenhower. He also happened to be the only Minnesota Republican who could keep his partisans in the State on the Eisenhower side of the issue. His extraction by Mr. Truman wrecked the pro-Eisenhower movement in the Minnesota Republican Party. It made certain that the Minnesota Republicans would become the political property of Senator Taft. In brief, the net effect of Mr. Truman's single deft intrusion into Minnesota Republican affairs reduced the chance that the Republican Party will make General

Eisenhower its 1952 candidate, and improved the chance that the Republican Party will instead nominate Senator Taft. Mr. Truman, the Democrat, was in fact helping his arch-rival Mr. Taft to keep the Eisenhower factor out of the 1952 campaign.

Obviously this was not done out of love for Mr. Taft. Partly it was done because Mr. Truman and his advisers believe that he can beat Mr. Taft and almost certainly would lose overwhelmingly to General Eisenhower. But there is more than just a calculation over the opponent easiest to beat involved in this story. Mr. Truman and Mr. Taft have become the rival symbols in the great domestic antagonisms of this period. Their very names heat the blood and raise the emotions and cause men to hate and even to strike at each other. The individuals themselves do not fit the clothing which they wear in the public eye. Mr. Taft is not as conservative as his most ardent backers like to believe that he is. Mr. Truman is anything but the champion of socialism which his haters firmly believe him to be. But in politics, reality is less important than folk-image and popular assumption. In the public mind, and that is what counts, Mr. Truman does stand for the whole social revolution of the Roosevelt era. And Mr. Taft stands for one last attempt to reverse that social revolution. In the public mind, Mr. Truman stands for the rise of organised labour as a political power, and Mr. Taft for an effort to reduce the power of labour. In the public mind, Mr. Truman stands for a tax burden mostly on the rich, and Mr. Taft for an effort to put more of that burden over on the poor—who, incidentally, get off more lightly tax-wise here than they do in Britain. In the public mind, Mr. Truman stands for a controlled economy, and Mr. Taft for a decontrolled economy.

'Showdown Fight' Wanted

This very condition of the symbolic positions occupied by the two men produces a passionate urge among many people to make their symbols the rival contenders in next year's election. This is particularly true among the conservatives. They feel that they have never had a chance, a real chance, to test the popular strength of the New Deal. Many of them believe passionately that their cause could win in a national election if it were fought out on that issue. They will never recognise that they have been defeated until, or unless, they can run Mr. Taft against Mr. Truman. They believe that they have been cheated of a fair chance to prove their case in every election since the New Deal began in 1932. They want no extraneous issue clouding the next election. They want no non-partisan popular Eisenhower coming in and trying to reconcile the domestic issues and to heal the old wounds. They want their day, and they hate a pro-Eisenhower Republican almost more than Mr. Truman, because Eisenhower would deprive them of the chance they crave to defeat Truman in a campaign fought on domestic issues. All of this leads to episodes of the type I described, of Mr. Taft being helped in his own party by Mr. Truman. Taft-Truman forces find themselves drawn together on the Eisenhower matter by their very hatreds. They have a common interest in keeping the Eisenhower name out of the picture, for only by that manoeuvre can there be a showdown fight, which both Truman and Taft forces desire, on the domestic social and economic issue.

The present is the time when the combined Taft-Truman anti-Eisenhower operation must be executed if it can be. The Eisenhower name is an active political reality in both parties, although it has the General's own sanction only in the Republican Party. He has designated a former Senator from his home State of Kansas, Harry Darby, as his political representative in the Republican Party. Mr. Darby has been working for about a month, building up his political organisation. Anti-Taft Republicans—and there are many of them—are forming around Mr. Darby. They include such distinguished personages as Governor Dewey of New York, who was the Republican presidential candidate in the last two national elections. But if the Eisenhower cause should fail in the Republican Party, it may have a second chance in the Democratic Party.

Another recent episode illustrates this phase of the matter. Last week, President Truman sent to the Senate two appointments to the Federal Bench in the State of Illinois. The names he sent up had been recommended to him, not by the present leaders of the Democratic Party in Illinois, which would have been normal American procedure, but by an insurgent faction of the Democratic Party in the State. The significant difference between the two factions is over attitude towards Eisenhower. The present leaders of the Illinois Democrats are a Mr. Jacob Arvey, who is Democratic Party leader in Chicago, and Paul Douglas, who is the senior Senator from Illinois. Both Mr. Arvey and Mr. Douglas tried

to launch an Eisenhower movement in their party in 1948. Both had publicly expressed an interest in trying to do it again next year. The insurgent Democrats, who are challenging the Arvey-Douglas leadership in the State of Illinois, are committed to the re-nomination of Mr. Truman. Senator Douglas has requested the Senate to reject the Truman nominations to the Bench.

A Political 'Inchon Landing'

The net of the story is that just as Mr. Truman picked a candidate for the Federal Bench from Minnesota to keep General Eisenhower out of the Republican Party's future, so he also made two selections from Illinois to keep the Eisenhower name out of his own party's future. These two episodes taken together point up the main features of the present American political situation. General Eisenhower's name has been brought into the story in both parties. The urge to make him the next American President is not primarily partisan, it is to be found among Republicans and among Democrats. It expresses the wishes of many persons of either or no party who do not want to see the country plunged into an angry campaign over the New Deal versus conservative issue, who would prefer to unite behind a man whose record is not involved in the domestic argument, who is apart from it and whose tendency presumably would be to find a compromise which would let the hatreds of the New Deal period recede into the dead past. This Eisenhower movement is being resisted by both Truman and Taft forces with every device known to the art and science of applied politics. General MacArthur has been enlisted in the Taft ranks. Last week he made a political Inchon landing in Massachusetts, where Republican leaders have previously been inclined to the Eisenhower side. Senator Taft followed the MacArthur landing two days later in an attempt to consolidate. The results of that operation are not in yet.

The Taft-MacArthur alliance is seeking followers, primarily on the argument that the world crisis is less acute than Mr. Truman says it is, and therefore lower taxes and fewer economic controls are possible and safe. The ultimate enemy of this Taft-MacArthur alliance is, symbolically, Harry S. Truman, but in reality the concept of collective security, with all the burdens which it puts upon the American taxpayers. The immediate enemy, though, of the Taft-MacArthur alliance is the Eisenhower movement. The Taft-MacArthur people want no contest with General Ike, for all the signs and portents and Gallup Polls indicate that Ike would be a sure winner for either party against any opponent. Mr. Truman finds himself perforce helping them to keep Eisenhower out of the picture. At the same time he is trying to keep the New Deal and his collective security foreign policy alive against them. Mr. Truman's troubles in these hot August days are many.—*Home Service*

The United States in World Affairs 1950, which is published in this country by the Royal Institute of International Affairs at 35s., is the latest in a series of volumes produced regularly since 1931 (except during the war years) by the American Council of Foreign Relations, which is the opposite number of the Royal Institute and was founded like it in 1920 as a result of discussions among members of the peace delegations. The volume is written by Richard P. Stebbins and has an introduction by Lewis W. Douglas. Mr. Stebbins observes in his preface that 'the year 1950 marked a decisive turning point in the history of the United States as a world power and opened a climactic in the resistance of free nations to the aggressive tendencies of Stalinist Communism'. Mr. Lewis Douglas says that 'the United States during 1950 continued in the role of principal defender of the faith'. It was a year which was dominated by Far Eastern affairs, for it began with the *de jure* recognition of Communist China by the United Kingdom and ended with the appearance of General Wu at the United Nations after Chinese 'volunteers' had taken part in the Korean war which began in June. Although Mr. Stebbins does not lend the same air of distinction to this volume which Professor Toynbee used to give to the corresponding volume published by Chatham House, he writes in that hard realistic vein which well reflects the American character and approach to world affairs in modern times. His second chapter, 'Confusion on the Home Front', is a fair appraisal of the way in which American domestic politics influence and sometimes complicate foreign affairs, while the analysis of the relations between the United States and her friends in Europe, which were often far from harmonious in 1950, is free from animosity: for 1950 was the year of the Schuman Plan and of Mr. Attlee's visit to President Truman when cross-purposes over relations with China and the use of the atomic bomb were disclosed. The volume contains a selected bibliography and a useful chronology of world events, but documentation has to be looked for elsewhere. This is a valuable book for all those who are concerned with the study of international affairs.

Church and State in the U.S.S.R.

By IVAN BILIBIN

WHEN the end of the last war was in sight two views were widely held on the future development of the relations between Church and State in the Soviet Union. There were pessimists who thought that the state would take away all the concessions that had been made to the church during the war. And there were optimists who expected still greater changes that would alter the attitude of the Soviet state to religion beyond recognition and make religious communities a firmly established element in Soviet society. Some even thought that churchmen would be included in the single list of candidates offered to the electorate at the post-war general elections to the Supreme Soviet. But they were not. The church still remains in Soviet society, but not of it.

Expounding the Scriptures

In the past six years the church has continued to develop the positions which it had secured during the war: more churches have been opened, the network of theological seminaries has been increased on a big scale, and the publication of church periodicals and books has continued on a very limited scale. These publications do not include Bibles, Gospels or prayer-books. The only way in which the majority of people can learn about the Scriptures is by hearing them read in church. That is one of the reasons why the services in Russia now are much longer than they were before. The lessons are read slowly, and the long sermons are mainly devoted to explaining the Scriptures to the congregation.

As far as the state is concerned, there has been one important, though perhaps not unexpected, change from the war-time position: the state's silence on its ideologic opposition to religion has been dropped. Apart from press articles, the latest authoritative pronouncement on the state's attitude is contained in the recently published first three volumes of the *Great Soviet Encyclopaedia*. In its article on 'Atheism' the encyclopaedia says:

The U.S.S.R. is a country with an atheist outlook on the world. . . . Nevertheless . . . religion is tenacious and full of life, and it continues to exist as a survival of the past. . . . Religious survivals prevent believing workers from mastering science. . . . They hinder their upbringing in the spirit of the Marxist-Leninist outlook on the world.

The article then proceeds to quote the widely circulated old passage from Stalin's works in which he states that the party cannot be neutral towards religion. The article concludes:

The final overcoming of religious survivals will inevitably take place on the basis of the further growth of economy in the U.S.S.R., of the overcoming of contrasts between town and countryside, between mental and physical labour, on the basis of the creation of an abundance of produce in the process of the building of communism in the Soviet Union.

In the article on 'Anti-Religious Propaganda' we are told that in 1945 the Central Committee of the Communist Party called for 'a widespread development of scientific enlightenment of the masses, of the organisation of lectures on natural science, of a constant exposure of religious superstitions and prejudices'. This activity is carried on by a body formed in May 1947 which is known as the All-Union Society for the Propagation of Political and Scientific Knowledge. Talks on natural science with a distinct anti-religious flavour, sponsored by this society, began to be broadcast by the Soviet home service in the early summer of 1948. The society's progress was described in an *Izvestia* article by its president, the late Professor Vavilov, last year. He then claimed that by 1949, 39,000,000 people had attended lectures organised by the society, and that in March last year the society had nearly 5,000 lecture halls in rural areas. It is interesting to note the implied emphasis on the strength of religion in the countryside.

The present picture then is that the state has not modified by one jot its ideologic opposition to religion. Under a new form anti-religious propaganda has been revived on a large scale. The publication of anti-religious periodicals, which was stopped with the outbreak of war, has not been resumed, but books and pamphlets have been pub-

lished. A few of the leading lights of the old Union of Militant Godless, such as Professor Oleshchuk, have reappeared as lecturers of the new society. The most significant difference between now and before the war, however, is that in pre-war days anti-religious propaganda was closely linked with repressive measures against the church based on charges of counter-revolutionary activity by the clergy. As a result of the support given by the clergy to the war effort this charge of counter-revolution has been withdrawn. It is this more than anything else that has placed relations between church and state in the Soviet Union today on quite a new footing.

On its part the church—and when I say the church I mean the Orthodox Church to which the great majority of Christians in the Soviet Union belong—has not departed from the attitude which it has maintained for thirty years and which can be said to have two basic principles: first, the church remains faithful to its doctrines and its canons, on which it will not admit any compromise for political or other reasons; secondly, the members of the church are loyal citizens of the Soviet state and the church will not associate itself with any political activity directed against the state.

In the course of the past thirty years changes have occurred from time to time which resulted in a variation of emphasis on the one or the other of these two basic principles. And though the church has not been brought into active participation in the Soviet body politic, it would not be true to say that leading churchmen have not taken part in any form of political activity or expressed any political views. In the past few years it was the political statements by Russian bishops, rather than their day-to-day work on widening the base of religion at home, that have been given most publicity and attracted attention outside Russia.

It is worth noting, however, that such political activity with which leading churchmen have associated themselves is all of a kind which, viewed from the point of view of someone living in the Soviet Union, is of a general, humanitarian character unconnected with party ideology. During the war the church supported the war effort and one of its leading bishops was a member of the State Commission for the Investigation of German Atrocities. After the war the church has encouraged the rehabilitation of war-stricken economy and supported the Peace Movement. The Peace Movement is no exception. A Russian bishop could hardly give a motive for opposing the Peace Movement in the Soviet Union or challenging its claim to be a movement for the prevention of another war, or indeed for questioning the veracity of accounts on the policy of foreign governments published in the Soviet press. When we take this into account we shall, I think, be far less interested in the fact that Russian churchmen support the Peace Movement than in the way in which they express their support. And we shall find, on second reading, that the impression of their statements having the ring of a *Pravda* leader is wrong.

The Missionary Note

Let us take the following passage from an article on the Peace Movement which appeared in the *Journal of the Moscow Patriarchy* last December:

We should like to think that a wide participation in the Peace Movement of persons holding different religious and even political views will become a 'day of salvation' and will bring many of them to the realisation of the moral beauty and grandeur of the Christian teaching.

Or again, take this passage from an article published on the same subject last January:

In any weather and in any wind the church hastens to sow the seeds of the new life brought to earth by Our Lord Jesus Christ in order to reap the fruits of the Kingdom of God and fulfil her world-saving mission. It is with the same purpose in view that the church takes part in today's problem of averting a new war.

In both passages we have a distinct missionary note. The theme of the conversion of Saul the persecutor into Paul the Apostle is naturally very strong in the consciousness of the Russian church.

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The Listener

What They Are Saying

Mr. Morrison's statement in 'Pravda'

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited, and the B.B.C. cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited manuscript matter, whether literary or musical, which is submitted for its consideration. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C., nor do the reproductions of talks necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast script. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publication Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

Homesickness

THERE is reason to hope, says Miss Elizabeth Bowen in a talk that appears in our columns this week, that nostalgia, which was on the increase, then came to a steady level, may now be on the decline. In so far as this means that we may expect less foolish talk about the 'good old days', fewer complaints about the present on the part of those who yearn for privileges which now they are no longer able to enjoy, the news is surely to be welcomed. Whatever basis such privileges may or may not have had in the field of social justice, they are beyond recall and the pleasure of weeping over them is not a profitable pastime or one that need excite much sympathy. To devote one's energies to making the best of the present is to face a task that holds more promise both of usefulness and pleasure.

On the other hand, nostalgia or homesickness is a deep-seated emotion in the human make-up. As Miss Bowen suggests, we are for ever striving for something stable to cling to. 'How can we not seek, in some form, an abiding city?' There is a school of thought that interprets the saga of Odysseus in psychological terms and sees in it the longing which a traveller carries in his heart to go back to his own place. At all event the Greeks struck deep in the word they have given us. When Sophocles declares that the best thing of all is never to have been born and the next best thing, having been born, is to return to the place whence you came as quickly as possible, he may have been speaking in a mood of pessimism, but he was saying something that was and is profoundly true concerning man's nature. No one wants to die; but the only certain thing in life is death. We try to hedge ourselves about with certainties—knowing in our hearts that the attempt is vain. But the longing will not be stifled, and in moments of deep tragedy it is not bitterness alone that bids us reflect—with more assurance than the storm-tossed seafarer thinking of his wife and family and the safety of dry land—that one day we shall be going 'home'. In this sense nostalgia in all its gradations is a fact of human experience neither to be grateful for nor to be deplored. It is when we allow it, so to say, to get on top of us, when we find it blurring our vision so that we cannot discover any enjoyment in the present scene or yet face the future hopefully, that nostalgia may rightly be regarded as a disease.

It is small wonder that in our day nostalgia should have been on the increase, particularly among the middle-aged or elderly. The general sense of instability provokes it; fear of what the future may hold in store encourages it. Here the young with their zest for life and their capacity for living for the moment are in some sense to be envied—but only in some sense. For the philosophy of living for the moment is not one that in the long run is likely to stand them in good stead. The 'now' with (in Miss Bowen's phrase) its quivering inability to be pinned down is a theme that has indeed been enclosed in great art. But life goes on and the desire in most of us to pin something down, even if it only be a pattern, does not grow less. And it is on the pattern that we succeed in pinning down that our gaze, as the years go by, will tend to revert. For, whether we are young or old, nostalgia keeps a hold on us—tight in some cases, loose in others. But the hold is there and it is strong.

THE TREATMENT OF MR. MORRISON'S STATEMENT in *Pravda* last week emphasised the contrasts in Soviet propaganda which have been so noticeable since the publication of the new Soviet English-language magazine *News*. On the one hand, there was the publication of the full text of Mr. Morrison's statement in *Pravda* and several other Russian newspapers, and its broadcast on the Soviet home service; also the broadcast extracts from the second issue of *News* pleading friendship with Britain and America, calling for the rebuilding of international trade on a world-wide scale, and stating: 'What the Soviet people want is straight and honest co-operation'. On the other hand, there was the hostile tone of *Pravda's* lengthy reply to Mr. Morrison, the attacks on Mr. Morrison in other Moscow broadcasts, and the continuation of propaganda about western 'warmongers'.

While the Soviet home service on August 1 broadcast the full text of Mr. Morrison's statement, as well as *Pravda's* reply, subsequent home service broadcasts repeated the reply, but not Mr. Morrison's statement. In Moscow's foreign language services, universal publicity was given to the reply, while Mr. Morrison's statement was given in only brief summaries. Mr. Morrison and his policy were the subject, at the same time, of several attacks. *New Times* was quoted accusing him of having uttered 'threats against those young Englishmen who were preparing to go to Berlin for the World Youth Festival'—though, it was added, Britain's delegation, numbering over 1,650, would be 'the biggest and most representative delegation ever to leave the British Isles'. Another broadcast quoted *Pravda* attacking Mr. Morrison's department for the 'rough justice meted out to the Peace Partisans' and to such personalities as Mrs. Monica Felton, Sir John Pratt and Professor Burhop. A home broadcast spoke of his 'hypocritical' protestations of peaceful intentions in Parliament.

Other Moscow broadcasts showing a similar hostile tone were those claiming that America did not want peace in Korea because of the 'fabulous profits' gained from the war; a home broadcast book review designed to show that 'it was the American interventionists who were the first to undertake, as early as 1918, aggressive actions against the Soviet State', when they had perpetrated 'monstrous crimes', while in 1944 they had brought to Vladivostok large quantities of poisoned seeds to infect Soviet grain crops; and a *Pravda* article describing the 'cult of crude force and unbridled militarism' which 'is what Acheson promises to all regions of the earth where American imperialism is active'. This *Pravda* article, broadcast for home and abroad, concentrated mainly on the theme of the economic calamity being suffered by 'Marshallised' countries as a result of the United States' refusal to let them trade freely with the U.S.S.R., eastern Europe and China. This dislocation of economic relations throughout the world was part of the aggressive course adopted by American monopolists in preparing for a new world war. The article then proceeded to contrast the impoverished west with the allegedly thriving economies of the U.S.S.R. and the People's Democracies, where a 'new type' of international relations had been evolved, based on 'true friendship and fruitful collaboration'. The article then pleaded for an international economic conference before the end of the year—as proposed by the World Peace Council which was 'a *sine qua non* for peaceful and fruitful international collaboration'.

From the United States, the *New York Herald Tribune* was quoted as follows on the Morrison-*Pravda* exchange:

Whether *Pravda's* surprising action in accepting Mr. Morrison's challenge was a sporting gesture or just another manoeuvre in Russia's present peace offensive remains a puzzle. . . . But at least the British Foreign Secretary did get his toe under the Iron Curtain, and the way he did it is something to marvel over.

The *New York Times* considered the value of Mr. Morrison's statement was that it appealed to fundamental human instincts which even Soviet terror had not been able completely to suppress. From Switzerland, the *National Zeitung* was quoted for the view that Mr. Morrison had undoubtedly had the better of the exchange:

The voice of freedom cannot liberate in one move what has been hardened in the strait-jacket of doctrine. It is possible, however, that here and there, among the peoples dominated by the Kremlin, there will be some who will keep this sensational issue of *Pravda*, which for once has printed the truth, and draw comparisons which are hardly likely to favour the Soviet brand of freedom.

Did You Hear That?

THE LAVA ON JAN MAYEN ISLAND

SPEAKING OF JAN MAYEN ISLAND in a North of England Home Service talk, Dr. G. D. NICHOLLS said: 'This tiny speck on the map of the North Atlantic, separated from the nearest land by waters over a mile deep, is completely made up of volcanoes, volcanic rocks, and volcanic debris. It is probably merely the upper part of a pile of lavas over two miles high, which stands on the floor of the Atlantic ocean. I went to Jan Mayen to study these lavas, one of a party of six British scientists who spent last summer there.

'Jan Mayen itself is about thirty-five miles long. It is shaped rather like a spoon with the expanded end to the north-east. The south-western part is a tangled mass of lavas with a line of volcanic peaks rising to heights of about 3,000 feet. For much of the time we were on the island, this was hidden in mist, and our scientific work there was much hampered by the weather. The central area is rather lower; the volcanoes there are probably older and more broken down. Landings are generally made on this central part, and it is much better known than the two extremities.

'The north-eastern part of the island supports the highest volcano north of the Arctic circle. This mountain, the Beerenberg, rises to a height of between seven and eight thousand feet. It is the shape of a symmetrical cone with a crater at the summit, and above 2,000 feet it is mantled with a more or less continuous cover of ice and snow.

'The Weyprecht is but one of the fifteen glaciers that radiate from the Beerenberg. To the west and south these glaciers usually end at some distance from the shore, but to the north and east they push out to sea and end in steep ice cliffs. Their snouts are often badly crevassed, and it is extremely difficult to climb across them. Four of us journeying to the north-eastern tip of the island found it to be almost impossible to climb over two of the glaciers on the north coast. Instead we passed to the seaward of them, paddling through the sea underneath the ice-cliffs. The passage past the second glacier was difficult; we had to wade through the sea up to our knees, with fragments of ice from the cliffs above us tumbling into the water, and small icebergs surging around us with every wave. To avoid the deeper water we scrambled over precarious piles of wet blocks of ice that often moved under our weight. And without warning we would sink up to our waists as our feet found pockets of sinking sand. But it was well worth it, for we were able to observe a number of features of the snouts of these glaciers which would otherwise have been denied to us.

'Where Jan Mayen is free from ice, it is not entirely bare and rocky. Plants do occur in places in some profusion. Mosses and lichens grow on most of the older lava flows, and occasionally small flowering plants manage to survive. In sheltered situations, where the rock-type is suitable, the drab monotony of the landscape is broken by a carpet of light green. In July these small patches are a blaze of colour with the blooms of flowering plants like saxifrage and cinquefoil.

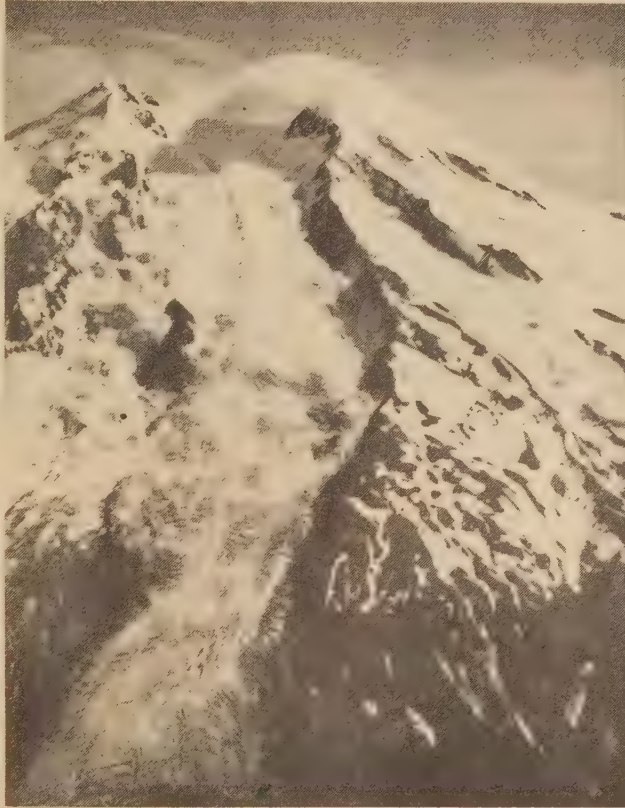
'Volcanic activity on Jan Mayen continued long after the formation

of the main outlines of the island. At three different places on the east coast relatively recent lava flows cross the beaches and end in low cliffs rising sheer from the waves; and one of these, at least, was probably poured out during historical times. Even more spectacular are the lava flows of the north-eastern tip of the island. After the formation

of the cliffs of this region, a line of new volcanic vents opened up parallel to their edge and a short distance from it. The lavas from them flowed over the cliffs and cascaded down to the shore. There they spread out to form a coastal platform three miles long and a mile wide in the broadest part. The cliffs here are about 1,000 feet high, so these lava-falls must have been about twice as high as the highest known waterfall (and seven times as high as Niagara). You can imagine what an awe-inspiring sight it must have been when the red-hot glowing lava poured over the edge of these cliffs and plunged into the sea beneath.

'The last recorded eruption on the island was in 1732 when an explosive outburst at the foot of the Beerenberg was accompanied by flames and the formation of a dark cloud of ashes. But on this occasion there was apparently no lava. Are the volcanoes of Jan Mayen extinct then? I believe they are, but perhaps not completely so—in 1921 and 1938 steam was observed rising from cracks on a certain hill on the island, and last year we were able to confirm that steam is still rising from the ground there, even though it is 300 miles north of the Arctic Circle. But it is the last phase of the volcanicity, and I do not think the volcanoes of Jan Mayen are likely to break forth again. The fires that once

made this island the hot spot of the North Atlantic are dying, and very soon, geologically speaking, they will be out'.



The Weyprecht glacier running down the north face of Beerenberg, Jan Mayen Island

ROUND KEW GARDENS WITH THE DIRECTOR

SIR EDWARD SALISBURY, Director of the Royal Botanic Gardens at Kew, recently spoke in the Home Service about the Gardens. 'Their main objective', he said, 'has always been to further botanical science. People forget this when they suggest playing games or taking dogs into the Gardens. They do not realise that it would be quite impossible to safeguard the valuable collections under such conditions. Most visitors behave well and treat the Gardens with care, but with 70,000 people passing through the gates on a summer day, you only need to admit one hooligan or one badly controlled child for every 1,000 well-controlled people, and a great deal of damage can be done. If a foreign tree or shrub is injured, disease can set in and in this way a valuable specimen may be destroyed which, once lost, it may not be possible to replace.

'The Herbarium contains over 6,000,000 dried specimens of plants from all over the world. It has also a specialised library containing more than 45,000 books concerned with the identification of plants. Scientists come to study at the Herbarium from all over the world because of the unique facilities that Kew can offer, and here have been prepared floras of most parts of the Commonwealth. The Gardens themselves are cultivated mainly as a living collection to supplement

the information provided by the more permanent but dead material in this Herbarium. Originally there were only nine acres although some 5,000 different plants were then grown, but today there are 300 acres containing more than 40,000 trees, shrubs, herbaceous perennials and annuals. The greater part of this area is already planted up and little provision has been, or can be, made to ensure that as the trees die of old age, younger specimens are growing up to take their places. There are, for instance, more than 120 different kinds of oaks in the collection of trees. All but a few of these require a large space for their proper growth and development. Most of them were planted towards the middle of the last century and, perhaps owing to the poverty of the Kew soil, few trees here attain to more than 200 years. Lately an increasing number of trees have had to be cut down because they have become decrepit and dangerous in old age and, because their successors had not been planted years ago, we must wait for such to grow up.

The four museums, which are in different parts of the Gardens, like the glasshouses are open to the public in the afternoon, and they house plant materials and products of economic importance which serve both for research and also for purposes of comparison with material sent in to be named.

So far as most people are concerned, the Gardens themselves are the chief attraction. They once flocked to see the monkey-puzzle from Chile and the maidenhair tree from China, the Wellingtonia from the forests on the west coast of America, the tulip trees from the lowlands of North America. Now it is the magnolias and rhododendrons that attract attention, the Florida dogwood and lilacs and roses, the tree of heaven from India or the Cornelian cherry from the Caucasus. They come in daffodil time to see the riot of cherry and apple blossom, or the magnolias in early May. They come to look at the drift of bluebells under the beech trees in early June or the wealth of rhododendrons—red, purple, pink and white—in late spring or early summer, or to smell the scent of the azalea garden in June. They come in autumn to see the beds where the herbaceous perennials provide a feast for the later butterflies, and to admire the autumn tints.

The Orchid House is worth a visit at most times of the year but it is at its best in the early spring when night and day are about equal, as they are in the tropics. In early autumn, the giant water lily, *Victoria regia*, from the Amazon attains its full development and in the narrow house adjoining there is a display of plants which feed on insects so as to obtain from their bodies the nitrogen which is otherwise deficient in their natural environment. Here there are butterworts and sundews with leaves which make living fly-papers for unwary insects. Nearby is a house with a remarkable variety of pelargoniums. They illustrate the diversity of leaf form and flower that a single genus can exhibit.

The large Palm House was built by Decimus Burton and was inspired by Paxton's prototype of the Crystal Palace. In it there are tropical fruits such as the banana and the paw paw and a fine collection of those palm-like plants, the cycads, which are interesting because they are the living remnants of an ancient group that was probably the chief vegetation of the world's surface some 40,000,000 years ago. At one end of the Palm House is a hothouse where there are tropical water lilies of many colours and here too grow the Egyptian sacred lotus and the papyrus reed, the pith of which provided the writing material of the ancients. Beyond the Palm House is the Temperate House in which Himalayan rhododendrons, Norfolk Island pines and many representatives of the flora of New Zealand and Australia are grown.

WHO'LL BUY MY SWEET LAVENDER?

'Just now', said TOM COLLISON in 'Radio Newsreel', 'visitors are coming from all over, by bus and car, to our part of Norfolk, to look at our lavender fields near Hunstanton. And a grand sight it is. There is one field of fifty acres—the largest ever planted in Great Britain—and it is now a sea of purple, rippling in the breeze. You can smell it from a mile away. The scent is so pleasant and refreshing that you

can readily understand why, centuries ago, "Lavender, Sweet Lavender" was one of the best-known cries of London.

Today lavender is coming back into its old popularity, and oil from the blooms in our Norfolk fields goes into perfume which is sold all over the world. Yet thirty years ago it was a different story. Lavender plants in this country generally got badly out of condition through disease, and it seemed that English lavender perfume had become a thing of the past. But one man at least believed that there was still hope for English lavender: Linn Chilvers is his name. He started in 1930 in a small way, experimenting with disease-free plants and trying out varieties for their quality of perfume. There are no more tempera-



Cutting lavender in Norfolk: a field near Hunstanton

mental plants anywhere than lavender, and patience, as well as green fingers, is needed. Gradually Mr. Chilvers, with the co-operation of a neighbouring land-owner, Mr. Dugate, put more and more acres under lavender. It stretched on the hillsides near the sea in neat rows, some of them a mile long.

Linn Chilvers—he is now seventy-three—is out and about in the fields at what is now his busiest time of the year—the harvesting of the crop; this lasts from six to eight weeks. Along the rows go the women pickers—there are usually thirty of them—and they cut off the heads of the blooms deftly with a special hook knife. They all say what a pleasant job it is. But it has its own particular hazards: the bees also like lavender, and the pickers count themselves lucky if they go through the day without being stung.

When cut, the blooms go into the sacks which are carted away to the distillery. Here one of the jobs for the workmen is treading down the blooms into the still. I will not go into the details of distillation. All I need say is that about a ton-load of blooms comes out as about a gallon of oil. There are different views on how long the oil should be kept before being made up into perfume. We prefer oil which has matured for about a year: it is then at its sweetest and most mellow.

'I HAVE GONE HOME'

'The other day', said C. R. HEWITT in a Home Service talk, 'I saw chalked on a gatepost at a street corner a small circle with a dot in the middle of it. Now I suppose any boy scout, any girl guide, would know that in the sign-language of scoutcraft, that means "I have gone home". I ought to mention that according to Lord Baden-Powell, who was the "Chief Scout", it could also have been a tramp's message to other tramps, meaning "This house is very bad: they give you in charge here"; while according to Dr. Han. Gross, the famous criminologist, it means "This place is not too bad: you might get a coin". (Most of the experts contradict each other about these signs.) But what was rather unexpected, and I thought a little sad, was that underneath the sign there appeared, also in chalk, the words "I have gone home". It was the duplication that was depressing, the implied loss of confidence in the modern aptitude for reading well-established secret signs, coupled with the determination of the artist that his meaning should be clear to people of all grades of intelligence. In a word, he was fed up.'

An American 'Achilles Heel'?

ALFRED SCHENKMAN on pure science in the United States

TO say that the United States leads the world in scientific affairs sounds like a platitude. Yet it is a serious mis-statement of fact, and there is no good reason for such error. But that most people make the mistake you can easily find out for yourselves. Ask a businessman, or a politician, which country leads the world in pure science; he will probably say 'America'; and he will be wrong. I suspect that a large majority of people in this country and on the Continent would give this same wrong answer; and there is no question in my mind that almost every American would say 'the United States'.

Leaders in Technological Progressiveness

But let me explain myself more clearly. You are probably thinking it strange for me thus to ignore the obvious supremacy of America. Not so, I don't: . . . there are *two* kinds of science. The United States leads the world in technological progressiveness, but applied science is something different from the pure science which comes first, and which is even more important. As a nation we Americans have been outstanding in applying science. We have not yet reached the top levels in pure, or in so-called basic, science.

We need both types—pure and practical, fundamental and applied. (This is as true of the world as a whole as it is of any one country.) In America we pour millions of dollars into science. The government is doing it (ever more and more), industry is doing it (also with increasing tempo), and so are philanthropic institutions of a private nature. The science departments of our universities are crowded with students; the public is science-conscious. But Americans, characteristically, are interested in the practical—in developing an H-bomb (if that is practical), in finding cures for diseases, in improving synthetic rubbers, plastics and so on. We do not realise enough that the theoretical of today is the practical of tomorrow. Always, the knowledge that we need for developmental work comes first from advances in pure science, and as a people we have not yet sufficiently understood that.

Really new technological developments stem largely from discoveries which often no one suspects at the time to be practically significant. No one can guess what fundamental knowledge will be applied next. Who guessed in the time of James Clerk Maxwell that his investigations into electricity and space would eventually lead to radio? At the time of their discovery, was there any cash value to Einstein's original formulations? Who could have predicted, when Waksman conducted his earlier researches on soil microbes, that one day streptomycin would be a direct product of this work?

The inevitability of new scientific developments requiring beforehand new scientific discoveries should be clear enough. But try to explain these things to an appropriations committee. Try to show that basic science—whose votaries work to understand and explain, to bring order out of chaos—is the spring, the source of applied science. And immediately you run into difficulties. It is relatively easy to explain to these key committee people, to leaders of nations and to managers of private businesses, that the rate of scientific progress depends on the amount of effort put into science. That is, it is easy to show that if we truly support science we can expect to gain, and to gain heavily. But try to point out that some money must be spent on investigations that may not lead to practical application, and immediately the opposition bristles: 'What guarantee do we have that the money won't be wasted?'

A National Science Foundation has just been set up in the United States, after five years of trying to convince the Congressmen. The warnings of the scientists finally prevailed against the 'hard-headed' business sense of the politicians. But the debate lasted five years, and we are not now as much better off in basic science (compared to 1945) as we should have been. We are not yet safely distant from the position of that year. And what was that position? Karl Compton, the Chairman of the Resources and Development Board of the National Military Establishment, stated it in his appearance before a Congressional Committee: 'We have literally exhausted the stockpile of fundamental knowledge in many fields'. Or again, Vannevar Bush, the war-time

Director of the Office of Scientific and Research Development: 'The tremendous effort in applied research, during the war, has in many fields pushed the application of fundamental knowledge to the limit of that knowledge'.

At the request of President Roosevelt, Bush had undertaken an analysis of the situation as regards science in America, and his now well-known *Science, the Endless Frontier*—the official report on this assignment—appeared in 1945. Here, for the first time, was a recommendation that the United States set up a National Research Foundation, and one paragraph gives the reasoning in a nutshell:

Our national pre-eminence in the fields of applied research and technology should not blind us to the truth that with respect to pure research—the discovery of fundamental new knowledge and basic scientific principles—America has occupied a second place. Our spectacular development of the automobile, the aeroplane, and radio, obscures the fact that they were all based on fundamental discoveries made in nineteenth-century Europe. . . . In the next generation, technical advance and basic scientific discovery will be inseparable; a nation which borrows its basic knowledge will be hopelessly handicapped in the race for innovation: . . .

For five years a great debate (turned on and off at the will of the legislators) took place around this theme. Midway through it came the Steelman Report—in 1947—a five-volume Report to the President of the United States on *Science and Public Policy*. Steelman repeated the same arguments and, with the impressive reinforcement of the results of numerous special and official studies, he left no doubt as to where he thought was the location of our Achilles heel.

There was by this time virtual unanimity on the part of the scientists about the need for a governmental science foundation. In the Congressional Hearings, and debates, the essential dependence of our researchers upon the work of European scientists was stressed over and over again. The fact that we had lost a large number of younger scientists through a not too enlightened policy of drafting during the war was repeatedly pointed out. The loss today of many scientists into industry was also cited, and the fact that this meant a further concentration of technological development and less basic research. The danger of over-confidence was stressed. In the hearings, Germany was Exhibit A as an example of this over-confidence—its enviable status in the early years of the century and near scientific bankruptcy, in many fields, after the second world war. The high position of England in the nineteenth century was cited—the fact that the English had led the world in technology, and that their very leadership (in that century) had lulled them into assuming that pre-eminence was bound to last.

I might say, too, that many American scientists at these hearings paid tribute to the genius of the British in pure science, a genius which is still very much manifest today. Your traditional support of pure science stands out in contradistinction to our neglect. Where we have the overemphasis on technological development, you, through the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research and through traditions going back much farther, have long emphasised the pure research—and so well and so much so that you now have exactly the opposite unbalance.

Need for Federal Financing of Basic Science

But coming back to the debate, on most points there was general agreement on the part of the scientists. When it came to the actual proposing of legislation, however, then different contending philosophies became apparent. Nearly all the parties agreed that there should be some Federal financing of basic science, that any agency formed should be under civilian direction, and that there was a need for more training of scientists (that is, for more scholarships and research fellowships). But there was bitter debate over the form of administration of the Foundation, over patent policies, over the distribution of funds on the basis of population and geography, etc. During this five-year period, not less than sixteen bills were presented, but for various reasons they failed to pass through all legislative stages.

In 1947 a bill actually passed through both houses of Congress but was vetoed by the President because he, and many scientists with him,

felt that its administrative provisions were dangerous and unsound.

The President truly had no choice. It was virtually necessary to veto a piece of legislation which assigned powers in the executive branch of the Government to a Science Foundation Director whom the President could neither name nor remove. As Mr. Truman said in his veto message: 'I cannot give it [the bill] my approval. It would, in effect, vest the determination of vital national policies, the expenditure of large public funds, and the administration of important governmental functions in a group of individuals who would be essentially private citizens'. And as one important scientist wrote at that time: 'Many scientists are as deeply concerned about close professional control as they are about the hazards of political control'.

President Truman approved the National Science Foundation Act in May 1950. It is a product of compromise, and of the times, but it is a reasonably good product. As usual when there are several contending schools of thought, no one side completely wins over the others; thus, there is a section which requires that the Foundation initiate and support specific research activities in connection with matters relating to the national defence, if it is requested to do so by the Secretary of Defence; some scientists would have preferred leaving out this section, but it was an inevitability in 1950, even in a Foundation to concentrate on basic science.

Encouraging a National Policy

Briefly, the Foundation is authorised and directed 'to develop and encourage the pursuit of a national policy for the promotion of basic research and education in the sciences, to initiate and support basic scientific research in the mathematical, physical, medical, biological, engineering and other sciences'—the 'other' means the social sciences; direct inclusion of social sciences in the bill would not have been tolerated by the Congressmen, who often fear social science as infringing their domain and as strengthening 'the people against the politician'. The Foundation is directed 'to award scholarships and graduate fellowships in these sciences', and 'to foster the interchange of scientific information among scientists in the United States and foreign countries'. There are some other provisions; these are the most important.

The bill was passed by the House at the time of the Fuchs trial in London, and when the Alger Hiss case was still current. It is not surprising, therefore, that during the debates the traditional American distrust of the expert, and of the academic, was intensified. One of our more logical Representatives came to the conclusion that since Fuchs was found guilty of 'giving those fellows scientific information', it did not make sense 'to appropriate several millions of dollars, maybe more, to collect this information and pass it along to'—and, as he said, 'mark this—to foreign nations'. Nevertheless the Foundation is authorised to co-operate in international scientific research activities. How could it be otherwise? If we profit as much from, say, British fundamental science as do the British (often more!), then why be strict in observing national barriers when it comes to supporting research? Internationalism in pure science is simply pure common sense.

The Foundation is ordered to avoid undue concentration of research, and this means that the development of scientific potential should henceforth take place on a wider basis throughout the country. During the war there was extreme concentration of scientific research in the laboratories of a few of our leading universities, especially Harvard, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Chicago and Columbia. And in the 'interim period' of the last five years the Office of Naval Research did not entirely get away from this tendency to concentrate contracts. It is specifically stated, incidentally, that the National Science Foundation shall not itself operate any laboratories or pilot plants; its method of operation is to be the placing out of the work on contract to a number and variety of individuals and organisations (such as universities) both in the United States and in foreign countries.

The Board of the Foundation consists of twenty-four members appointed by the President with the advice and consent of the Senate. Since the appointments of Director and Deputy Director have just been made (and by the President) it is naturally too early to make any progress report. But I think it is significant that both these gentlemen were formerly on the staff of the Office of Naval Research. And while the O.N.R., which was started by the United States Navy in 1945, put into effect what may have been the most extensive peace-time scientific research programme ever undertaken, this drawing for the staff of the new Foundation on a defence department should perhaps not be overlooked. The Board, of course, is made up entirely of civilians—eminent in different fields of science and in public life.

Where, then, have we arrived at this summer of 1951? We seem, at last, to have made the discovery that science is a national resource, and that its furtherance must be entrusted to an authority directly responsible to the President, and to the Congress; also that the raw material of science is scientific man-power. But it took a long time to get here. It is interesting to note that in 1851, at a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the retiring President pointed out that 'an institution of science supplementary to existing ones is much needed in our country to guide public action in reference to scientific matters'. Though the words apply today, however, the gentleman was actually thinking of an agency to advise government when an occasional matter of science might arise. Things have changed considerably in these hundred years. Today science has grown to such stature and it is so important for the national well-being that it must be in a real sense part and parcel of government. This is true of all countries. The idea that science is worth cultivating evolves, in the twentieth century, into the formulation that science must be cultivated. Only governments can do this adequately. You may wish to argue against the philosophy of this position. If so, I reply that the actual situation is beyond arguments of philosophy. With the Government of the United States spending astronomical numbers of dollars each year on scientific and developmental research, it is fairly clear that the position can no longer be argued on a wishful-thinking basis.

Steelman recommended that by 1957—ten years after the date of his report—expenditures for research and development (by universities, industry and government departments) should amount to one per cent. of the national income. (The percentage spent on science in the Soviet Union is said to be much much higher, using exactly comparable statistics, or estimates.) Taking this figure of one per cent., this means that the President's Adviser on Science envisaged a doubling of the total research and development budget in this ten-year period. He further recommended quadrupling basic research activity, and, specifically, that the Federal Government of the United States should provide support for basic research at a progressively increasing rate, reaching 250,000,000 dollars by 1957.

At this point you ask if this does not mean an end to the shortage of basic science in America. There is, of course, no guarantee that the budget process in American government will be any less arduous than the legislative. By that I mean that Congressmen are laws unto themselves; and the mere fact that they vote a Foundation into existence does not of itself mean that they will loyally support it. But there is every likelihood that the new National Science Foundation will get considerable sums of money; the appropriations will probably be forthcoming. . . . I hope that I have shown that we have an Achilles heel; but in the last five years we have diagnosed its existence, and in America, if I may say this with humility, diagnosis is practically tantamount to a cure.—*Third Programme*

Mektoub

A sly wind on a heap of hills
unpicks the day. Its sickly song
becomes a breath whose meaning chills.

A mocking mektoub only wills
invaders into loss along
a sly wind on a heap of hills:

dust is its garment and it kills
the fire they bring. Their beaten gong
becomes a breath whose meaning chills.

The finest flowers know no more ills,
hid is the spot where they belong:
a sly wind on a heap of hills.

The men are dead, the sand sea fills
their grave: once more a halted throng
becomes a breath whose meaning chills.

Despair remains and nothing stills
an everlasting sense of wrong:
a sly wind on a heap of hills
becomes a breath whose meaning chills.

DWIGHT SMITH

Can British Steel Makers Learn from America?

By SIR CHARLES GOODEVE

ABOUT seventy or eighty years ago, a number of people crossed the Atlantic to take to the United States information on the new mass-production methods of making steel from molten iron, which had been discovered by the iron and steel makers in this country. From these seeds, in the invigorating soil of that land of enterprise, grew the largest steel industry of the world, one which today produces one half of the world's total. A few months ago a party of sixteen of us again crossed the Atlantic to study what developments had taken place there, and to bring back information that would help our industry in its post-war reconstruction programme. We visited plants dating from those early days as well as some built very recently, and we saw plants on both the Pacific and Atlantic coasts, as well as some in the Great Lakes area.

It was a very stimulating and valuable visit, partly because of the friendly welcome given to us by our colleagues over there, partly because we tasted some of the enthusiasm of that pioneer people as they go on building an even greater, richer country, and partly because of the many detailed technical points that we learned. May I say at once that we did not expect our visit to reveal any surprises; the close links, the interchange of ideas, of people and of equipment have gone on these last seventy-odd years to an extent such that their steel-works look very much like our own. Nevertheless the high productivity so common in America is also to be found in its iron and steel industry and we set out to analyse this in detail. I need hardly remind you of the importance to this country of raising our productivity, both to increase our security and to improve our standard of living.

The answer is a highly technical and complicated one and indeed we have not finished sorting it all out yet, but I am going to give you some first impressions. Let me first remind you that iron is made by burning coke with iron ore in a blast furnace, and steel is made from iron by various chemical reactions which remove the impurities of carbon, silicon, sulphur and phosphorus. Much steel is, however, made from scrap iron and steel, which is remelted and poured and worked into the shapes required. Scrap is a useful raw material for steel as it avoids the blast furnace stage and is purer. That is why there is such a drive for the collection of every piece of scrap.

Great Britain has a plentiful supply of iron ore—a large deposit which runs all the way from the coast of Yorkshire to Oxfordshire—but its iron content is low. Even more serious is the fact that it contains much phosphorus which makes steel making a difficult problem. On the other hand we are a maritime nation and therefore have access to and use considerable quantities of the purer seaborne ores from Sweden, North Africa, and from other places. The American iron and steel industry has been built mainly using ores from the world's largest ironstone deposit, which almost surrounds that great lake, Lake Superior. This ore is of high purity and, even more important, it

contains very little phosphorus. Iron made from this ore needs to be treated with only about one half the limestone and for a shorter time than iron in our own country, and simpler forms of control can be used. This is the first major reason for the higher productivity in steel in America and one that we could only follow here by using less of our own ironstone and more imported.

To make steel from iron and scrap, a large amount of gaseous or liquid fuel is required. Here normally we use a gas obtained from coal, and sometimes we use fuel oil. The Americans have very cheap and yet good fuel oil but they are now using something even cheaper and better—natural gas. That vast country has in recent years been covered with a network of pipe lines which bring this important fuel to homes and factories in almost every state. With us, fuel of all kinds is expensive and fuel economy has had to be developed to a high point. Perhaps you can imagine the reaction of our fuel officer when he saw blast furnace and even coke oven gas being blown to waste in some American steel plants.

But all is not easy for the American industry. In Great Britain, the coking coal deposits are only twenty to fifty miles from the ironstone deposits or from the ports at which seaborne minerals can arrive. While this is nearly true in a few places in the United States, in general the separation is 500 to 1,000 miles. This means that to set up an iron and steel works in the United

States one has to set up an expensive transport system on rail and water. This has led to a concentration of iron and steel making in certain districts. For example, in a small area south of Chicago (and in half-a-dozen plants) more tons of steel are made each year than in the whole of Great Britain. Here, on the other hand, steel production is spread in ten districts over almost the entire country, except the extreme south and north. All these districts have made steel for many years and the many works in each district got their start because of nearness to raw material supplies.

These factors, together with some others, have led to one of the chief differences which we found between our industries; the average piece of equipment in an American iron and steel works is half as big again as in Great Britain. Because of the large size of the works, it is easier to fit such large pieces of equipment into the whole balanced plant; because of the purity of the raw materials the operation of such large units presents few serious difficulties. In other words, the American steel worker obtains much of his productivity from the fact that every time he moves a control lever fifty per cent. more raw material or steel is moved or processed. Except in a few cases, he does not work any harder; sometimes he works less hard. Because of his bigger machines, however, he must keep his attention unwaveringly on the job. The machine must not stop, whether it is lunch time, Sunday or Bank Holiday. An idle machine is a crime in America, especially at the present time.



American steel workers leaving the plant at Youngstown, Ohio, where about 5,000 are employed

The great distances in America have had one important consequence in that transportation methods have had to be developed to the highest possible pitch of efficiency, and we have much to learn from these. It was very impressive to see train loads of 3,000 to 4,000 tons of iron ore moving at speed across-country from Baltimore to Ohio. Nevertheless the cost and the man-power consumed in getting raw materials to the iron and steel works, and moving the steel products to various consumers, considerably reduces the advantages obtained from large centralised steel works.

Where the Americans have a special lead on us is in the newness of their plants. Most of this is due to the newness of the country. Its population has doubled since the turn of the century, whereas here we have only increased by one-third. Even the recent war helped them. From 1939 to 1945 all rebuilding in the British heavy steel industry was brought to a stop, whereas in America it was accelerated both by the heavy demand and by strong financial support from the government. Again, today the expansion of their industry receives the benefit of such support, whereas we are rebuilding under the difficulties common to us all in this country. It is quite true, unfortunately, that the higher a nation's productivity, the easier it is for that nation to find the resources to modernise its plant to achieve an even higher productivity.

We have, indeed, a hard uphill task before us, but one which I think is being successfully tackled. The steel industry in Great Britain, backed by the industry that specialises in equipment for making steel, has been adding to itself almost 500,000 tons annual capacity each year since the war ended. It will go on doing this for the next five or ten years and possibly longer. So far there has been little opportunity to close down old and labour-consuming plants, but much has been done to mechanise the older ones. The labour so saved has nicely balanced the increase in production from new plants. Production today is 30 per cent. greater than just after the war, with approximately the same total man-power. In other words the productivity per man-year has gone up by nearly 30 per cent. It is the target of both manage-

ment and organised labour to keep up this rate of increase both in total capacity and in productivity. I had the privilege recently of attending the formal opening of a new steel works at Margam in South Wales. In this works has been incorporated the latest knowledge and experience in both America and Great Britain and it truly can be called the most advanced steel works in the world today. This is a high spot in the steel industry's first development plan, a plan which has been increasing the production and the productivity of steel works all over Great Britain. The plan is still moving on.

I would like to end with one major impression, which I, like many other visitors, have brought back from the United States. Everywhere you go there you see extensive building work going on; you see high-level roadways to carry traffic in and out of cities, fly-over bridges, new trains, new skyscrapers, new houses, new equipment to go into houses—and at such a speed! Houses are often completed in a few weeks from start to finish. I myself noticed the completion of a forty-storey skyscraper in Pittsburgh; the holes for its foundations I had watched being dug only nineteen months before. All this activity is in a country in which each person already has more roads, more trains, more buildings (and consumes twice as much steel) than any other country in the world. Here we are, six years after the end of the war, still without a single fly-over bridge in the whole country (almost the only civilised country without them), still with practically no new office blocks, except for government departments, and still with many other glaring deficiencies in our equipment.

I know that there are good reasons for this—that we have had to make up for lost time during the war in equipping our industries and that we have had to concentrate on building up our exports to make up for our lost foreign investments. But we should not allow ourselves to be too discouraged by these difficulties. One thing a visit to America does do is to show what a high material standard of living an industrial country can achieve, and that if only people want these material things badly enough they can be worked for and obtained.

—Home Service

An Appeal for Scrap

By the Rt. Hon. G. R. STRAUSS, M.P., Minister of Supply

YOU all know that the country needs more steel. Unless we have more steel many of the important things we want will be held up; new buildings, machine tools, motor-cars, refrigerators, kitchen-ware and so on. Without enough steel we cannot provide all the things the housewife needs to keep her family comfortable and contented; we cannot produce more coal, more gas or more electricity; we cannot make all the motor-cars, ships and machinery which we could exchange abroad for food and raw materials. And without enough steel our Defence Programme, for the preservation of peace, cannot be completed.

Everyone knows that our economic life depends on steel. I do not think everyone knows that our steel production depends on scrap—scrap iron and scrap steel. Nearly three-fifths of all the steel we produce comes from scrap. Scrap provided almost 10,000,000 tons of last year's record steel production of 16,250,000 tons. One of our difficulties is that world conditions prevent us producing as much steel this year as we did last. For one thing, there is far less steel scrap available abroad. We used to buy abroad nearly 2,000,000 tons a year. Now it is no longer there to be bought, and this year we shall not get anything like that amount. We must, therefore, get more scrap from our own resources here at home. More is available. Thousands of tons are lying about unused, perhaps forgotten. They must be recovered, sent to the steel works and remade into new steel.

I appeal for your help. If you are a householder, go over your house, or garage, or garden. You will be surprised at what you find. An old bedstead or a worn-out mangle may not seem of any value, but the metal is urgently needed. Perhaps housewives living in the same street can organise a scrap drive of their own. If you take the lead and do it thoroughly I am sure you will be proud of the results, and incidentally glad to have the place looking a bit tidier. I would also like to ask every local authority to help in collecting household scrap. Those authorities making collections, or which have promised to make them, are doing the country a service in a critical hour. The others who have not yet acted should follow their good example without delay.

If you are a farmer, comb your barns and fields for old ploughs, tools, machinery, any discarded articles of iron and steel, no matter how old or how worthless they may seem. The Farmers' Union are helping in the drive and their county secretary will put you in touch with your district scrap drive committee should you need advice in disposing of what you find. If you are a works manager, turn out all the iron and steel plant, stores and spares you no longer want—*now*. Keep your eyes open for every bit of scrap lying about. You will be helping your own supplies of iron and steel.

The best method of disposing of scrap is to offer it to one of the 3,000 scrap merchants in the country. At the beginning of this year, with the full support of the Government, a scrap drive was launched by the iron and steel and scrap industries. District scrap drive committees, whose members are steel makers and scrap merchants, have been set up throughout the country. Their job is to organise a systematic search of even the most remote places and to see all available scrap is collected without delay. By this scrap drive we hope to get an extra 500,000 tons this year, and already the results are encouraging. But we shall only succeed if we all pull together and each and every one of us does his share. Please help the country by bringing in the scrap.—Home Service

In a recent edition of 'Radio Newsreel' PATRICK SMITH, B.B.C. Berlin correspondent, reported that 'the Federal German Government would shortly forward plans to the Allied High Commission for increasing the supply of scrap. At the moment, it is estimated that west Germany produces 400,000 tons of scrap metal a month. Yet, during the past six months, Great Britain has received 90,000 tons less than the 700,000 tons agreed between the Federal German Chancellor and the British High Commissioner last December. The Federal Minister for Economics is now launching a drive for extra scrap which, if properly handled, should yield an extra 100,000 tons a month. Plans are being worked out for unemployed to collect scrap from ruined buildings, and a renewed effort is to be made to salvage scrap metal from Germany's former western defence wall, the Siegfried Line.'

The Late Victorians and William Morris

The last of four talks by NIKOLAUS PEVSNER

IN my experience it seems to come hard to people to make themselves realise that 'The Importance of being Earnest' and 'Arms and the Man' should be Victorian plays. In the arts it is the same. Whistler for instance, with his light delicate colours, his light delicate touch, his wit, his mischievous playfulness of pattern, does not seem to belong to the Victorian Age. Yet his style was complete and



The Red House, Bexley Heath, built by Philip Webb for William Morris
National Buildings Record

mature by the mid-'sixties, that is well before the middle of the Queen's reign. The same anachronism is felt by people in the case of William Morris, especially by those who rather read his lectures than look at his designs. Of course you might say that that happens to any pioneer. Posterity sees him more in conjunction with what he achieved than with what surrounded him. But we cannot afford to do that here. Morris was born in 1834, his designs began in 1861, his lectures in 1877. He died in 1896. So he is entirely Victorian, and the fault lies in the universal notion that late Victorian is not Victorian at all.

When you think of the Victorian style in architecture you think of a style which was complete by the 'sixties, even if it went on in the work of most of the recognised leaders of the profession throughout the 'seventies and later. But for the historian William Morris must be the central figure of the Late Victorian style, even for the historian of architecture, although Morris was no architect himself. I say he was no architect; but he had in fact received a six-months' training in the office of G. E. Street, the architect of the Law Courts. Morris had grown up in the country near London, and the delight in nature, in trees, in fields, in flowers and in roughing it remained with him all through his life.

He went to Oxford to study divinity, but gave it up to become an architect. This however he also gave up because office work was odious to him. As his friend, the architect Philip Webb, said later on, the reason was that one 'could not get into close contact with it; it had to be done at second hand'. This, you will see, is very typical of Morris. He had been guided towards architecture not only by a general delight in art but also by a wish to find work connected with art which would at the same time be of immediate use to the community. For the time being, however, he exchanged architecture for painting and studied for a while under Rossetti. Then he got married and in trying to furnish rooms in London in 1859 and then a house built for him by Philip Webb in 1861, he discovered that furniture and furnishings as they could be bought were nothing but, as he wrote on another occasion, 'tons upon tons of unutterable rubbish'. So he and his friends began to design furniture. The first pieces were demonstratively plain and inordinately heavy, 'like

incubi and succubi', said Rossetti, a table 'as firm and solid as a rock', and chairs 'such as Barbarossa might have sat in'; but it was at least honest furniture.

When Morris had made this discovery of the bad taste and functional foolishness of furnishings, he reacted, as you saw, in a way different from that of most artists and architects of 1860. They withdrew from a world so hideously changed by the advent of industry. Morris said: 'They wrapped themselves up in dreams of Greece and Italy'. He blamed them for that and decided in his own mind that it was his duty to remedy the atrocious state of design, by designing himself, by making others design, and also by seeking out why things had gone so bad in the mid-nineteenth-century world. It is typical of Morris that to recognise a wrong and to do something about it himself was one. He was of a tempestuous nature, given to fearful outbursts of temper, restless and of a furious activity. He could not sit still at table during meals. When he got into debate and arguing he became so wild that in one case, I was told, he knocked his head against the wall with such a force as to leave a deep dent in the plaster. In another case he bit his teeth into the rim of the table.

So, with this tremendous sense of getting urgent things done at once, in 1861 Morris started not an architect's office, not a painter's studio but a firm of what he called Fine Art Workmen in Painting, Carving, Furniture, and the Metals. His chief collaborators were Philip Webb the architect—and one of the best architects of the Late Victorian generation, as you will see later—Ford Madox-Brown, who as a matter of fact had himself apparently tried to do something about furniture a little earlier than Morris, and Rossetti. They made tiles, wallpapers, furniture, fire irons and so on, and stained glass. The designs in furniture were plain and honest, and inspired by seventeenth-century rustic pieces; in wallpapers they were, thanks to Morris himself, strictly two-dimensional and yet at the same time full of life, fresh and precise with none of that 'slobbering and messing' which he disliked so much. No one in the nineteenth century can touch Morris as a designer. A sense of clean, unostentatious comfort goes through all his productions. He was a connoisseur of cookery too. In his house, later on, meals were served on a plain unvarnished oak table with no tablecloth, only mats—quite a new thing then. When his business expanded and he wanted to embark on new ventures, he went and learnt the art of dyeing, himself, and then the art of weaving. In four months he spent 516 hours at the loom—a five-hour day average for a six-day week. And,

you must remember that he wrote as well all the time, reams upon reams of poetry, and poetry which although of an easy flow is far from facile.

Morris' thought appears most clearly in the lectures which he began to deliver in 1877, just at the time when the firm started on carpets and the celebrated chintzes. It is through these and the lectures mainly, that is from 1877 onwards, that Morris became a power in English (and international) thought, in art—and, as you will



The house which Norman Shaw built for himself in Ellerdale Road, Hampstead

too. Why, he asked himself, had design gone to the dogs and why had London become 'mere masses of sordidness, filth and squalor'? And why had art in the Middle Ages been so consistently satisfying? Morris' answer was this:

Time was when . . . imagination and fancy mingled with all things made by man; and in those days all handicraftsmen were artists. But the thought of man became more intricate, more difficult to express; and grew a heavier thing to deal with, and its labour was more divided amongst great men, lesser men, and little men . . . As the arts sundered with the greater and the lesser, contempt on the one side, carelessness on the other arose . . . The artist came out from the handicraftsmen, and left them without hope of elevation, while he himself was left without hope of intelligent industrious sympathy.

This thought he expressed often and in many ways, and as they are all of the same penetration and warmth, let me quote one or two more passages. In the Middle Ages, he says, 'not every day, you may be sure, was a day of slaughter and tumult, though the histories read almost as if it were so; but every day the hammer clicked on the anvil, and the chisel played about the oak beam'. That was in medieval England, and now in Persia, where they wove the most perfect rugs ever made. What was it they wished to say in these stiffly stylised patterns? They did not copy nature, but 'in their own way they meant to tell us how the flowers grew in the gardens of Damascus, or how the hunt was up on the plains of Kirman, or how the tulips shone among the grass in the mid-Persian valley'.

Penetration and Warmth

Penetration and warmth—am I not right in saying that that is what makes such passages from Morris unforgettable? Yet, although no one ever denied his penetration, he did not strike his friends as warm, though no doubt frequently as hot and irate. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt has recognised that shrewdly in a note he wrote in his diary immediately after Morris' death. He wrote:

He is the most wonderful man I have ever known, unique in this that he had no thought for any thing or person, including himself, but only for the work he had in hand. He was not selfish in the sense of seeking his own advantage . . . but he was too absorbed in his own thoughts to be either openly affectionate or actively kind . . . I have seen him tender to his daughter Jenny and nice with her and his wife but I doubt if he thought of them much when he did not see them, and his life was not arranged in reference to them. To the rest of the world he seemed quite indifferent . . . The truth is he would not give up an hour of his time to anyone, he held it to be too valuable . . . Thus . . . I doubt whether he had many friends; they got too little in return to continue their affection.

Yet warmth and affection is just what his work seems to radiate. It possesses indeed something of the directness of medieval work. The reason is without question that Morris had been the first to understand the secret of medieval craft. The objects now preserved in museums of the Middle Ages 'were common things in their own day', the work of 'common fellows', done 'with many a grin of pleasure'. That is what really matters most. No art, according to Morris, can come about without this grin of pleasure. All art is 'the expression of pleasure in labour'. It must be made 'by the people for the people, as a joy for the maker and the user'. It is utterly unhealthy, if—as was the case in the nineteenth century and to a large extent still is today—'the practice of the arts is kept in the hands of a few highly cultivated men who can go often to beautiful places, whose education enables them . . . to shut out of their view the everyday squalors that most of men live in'. So Morris' remedy is—and you saw that he fervently applied it himself—that artists must again become craftsmen. In the prospectus of his firm in 1861 he said: 'The growth of Decorative Art in this country . . . has now reached a point at which it seems desirable that artists of reputation should devote their time to it'. That was his message to artists, and you can see for yourself in which way it is applicable to architects.

Meanwhile—and that again has its architectural implications—what can the layman do about it? Here Morris' answer is particularly topical still. He says: Don't pull down beautiful old buildings; preserve them and don't restore them. Don't cut down trees where new estates are built, don't throw away old paper, don't put up glaring posters; do something against smoke. But, of course, Morris knew perfectly well that that was not enough. And when it comes to the future, his vision wavered. You know that he was a socialist, although he confessed that reading Karl Marx meant to him 'agonies of confusion of the brain'.

Instead he said: 'The study of history and the love and practice of art forced me into a hatred of the civilisation' of the century. So his socialism was never flattened by that easy faith in universal progress which makes one so often lose patience with the optimistic politician. On the contrary, in his most lucid passages Morris appears as a grim pessimist, and you will see in a moment why it was bound to be like that. But here first is one of these passages:

Maybe man may, after some terrible cataclysm, learn to strive towards a healthy animalism, may grow from a tolerable animal into a savage, from a savage into a barbarian, and so on; and some thousand years hence, he may be beginning once more those arts we have now lost.

That is logical and consistent. If art can only be the craftsman's handiwork, if all designing as against making is no art—Morris called the designer the squinter on paper—if, as he said, 'the machine is an enemy', then—in exact accordance with the great vision of Spengler—this whole civilisation must first be swept away and barbarism return for the arts to flourish once more.

So far Morris' life and system seem completely consistent. But there is one flaw, and Morris for short moments was aware of it. His own work and the work of his artist friends, though it was indeed a joy for the maker and the user, was by no means by the people for the people. By the people—perhaps, in so far as work at the Merton workshops had no doubt for the workmen the same happiness as all honest craft. But for the people? As it was all hand-made, and as—Morris knew that—'all art costs time, trouble, and thought, and . . . money is a counter to represent these things', the products of Morris and Co. were expensive. When he was once found by a friend working on the decoration in one of Philip Webb's best houses, he said that he was just busy on 'serving the swinish luxury of the rich'.

This one flaw in the edifice of Morris' work had the consequence that it could inspire different types of people in different ways. That it was inspiring, and inspiring to many, is beyond question. But the artist-craftsman would see one thing in him, the social reformer another. And architects—to return to architecture after this long digression—might see either. His influence on architecture was indeed very great—for particular as well as general reasons. Amongst the particular reasons is that the young Late Victorian architect could read in his lectures things like: 'Unless you are resolved to have good and rational architecture, it is . . . useless your thinking about art at all', and he could also read that one should understand the past, but never imitate it, that our own age was content to 'have learnt the trick of masquerading in other men's cast-off clothes', and that no style can be 'replanted in a society totally different from that which gave birth to it'. So here was encouragement for the creation of a new style. And Morris' more general message of simplicity, honesty, no shams, and even more of care for the common man gave a direction to the new style.

Role of Philip Webb

But that is a twentieth-century story. Meanwhile we have to see what actually corresponds to Morris in Late Victorian architecture. The answer is: not one man; there was no one architect as big as he; nor even one trend. But in the aggregate architectural events are quite clearly a parallel to the Morris story. I need not in this connection mention more than three names, Philip Webb, as I told you, one of Morris' closest friends, Norman Shaw, and Edward Godwin. Morris was born in 1834, Webb in 1831, Shaw in 1832 and Godwin in 1833. So you see by the law of generations they belong very closely together. Webb never became really famous. His style has too much grit for that. His buildings are strong, personal and never wholly attractive. Best known are the Red House at Bexley Heath, near London, built for Morris, and No. 1 Palace Green, in Kensington. They are both of brick frankly exposed, which in the 'sixties was not at all usual for private houses. The material seemed too cheap; it ought to be hidden. Butterfield must have influenced Webb in that—and in other ways. But Webb was not as harsh as Butterfield; he was a more sensitive man, hard in a different, more disciplined, way. Butterfield mixes occasionally the slim segment-headed windows of 1700 with his Gothic detail. Webb goes further than that, and he succeeds in blending what in Butterfield looks rudely pushed together. The freedom with which Webb assembles elements from divers styles, not just from divers schools of Gothic as Scott and Co. had done, was a first step away from the tenets of period imitation altogether.

Norman Shaw's role was similar, but he had a far more fertile imagination if perhaps a more facile hand. His influence was enormous.

In his best years, the eighteen-seventies and -eighties, he built almost exclusively private houses, the most important ones in London. They are delightful; things like Swan House, Chelsea, his own house in Ellerdale Road, Hampstead, or the Royal Geographical Society in Kensington, or No. 11 Melbury Road in Kensington—brick, with a free, informal, always unexpected disposition of windows, little oriels and gables. The motifs are chiefly of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, English and Dutch. Again the contrast to High Victorian is startling. Elegance, wit, sensitivity, but none of the former robust self-assertion—work of a more sceptical, more sophisticated generation.

That comes out specially clearly in the few, little noticed, but important contributions of Godwin. He was a friend of Whistler, and in 1878 built for him the White House in Tite Street, Chelsea. Later Whistler married his widow. Godwin as early as 1860 decorated his rooms at Bristol in light plain colours, with a few Persian rugs on bare floors and a few Japanese prints on the walls. Godwin was amongst the pioneers of the Japanese fashion in England, and he later on designed furniture also as spindly and fragile as things from the Far East. Godwin's colour schemes—and incidentally Whistler's in the exhibitions of his paintings in London, with walls in lemon-yellow and pale pink—make Webb's furniture and Morris' wall-papers and designs appear gloomy and in their solidity decidedly Victorian. Thus, you see, the various trends interlock.

Early Planning

Amongst Godwin's most successful London houses is a small number at Bedford Park, Turnham Green. Now Bedford Park, laid out in 1876 by Norman Shaw and provided by him with an excellent church, and an excellent inn and bank and also a number of houses, was really the first of the garden suburbs. Here—Morris recognised that in the lecture I quoted before—there were plenty of trees, and houses were of comfortable smallish size, grouped nicely and picturesquely. The suburb came in for much mockery as being arty. It was called a village 'where men may lead a chaste, correct, Aesthetical existence', or a little hamlet 'where the steam horse is scorned', and Chesterton, after describing its extravagant roofs and dwarfish trees, exclaimed: 'How very oddly shaped the people must be who could fit in to them'. Still, it was the first attempt at a planned estate for the none-too-wealthy to live in civilised, attractive surroundings, and a very successful attempt at that, as anybody can check by going there on the District Line. The next step was taken by Cadbury's of Birmingham at Bournville and Lever Brothers at Port Sunlight, both begun in the eighteen-nineties. Here at last was the principle of civilised housing applied to the working class. Parallel with it the London County Council under its architect, W. E. Riley, made a start with estates of working-class flats no longer as grim as the High Victorian ones had been. It was still largely a matter of trimmings—not yet so much of improved plans or the introduction of grass and trees, but the trimmings were now as genteel and indeed pretty as those of Kensington or Chelsea flats of the same date. The time-lag between housing for one class and for another was being overcome. Go to Arnold Circus and the streets around, just off Shoreditch High Street—the blocks of flats replacing Arthur Morrison's *Jago*—and you will see how much more human that looks than the earlier Peabody estates. The step after this was the independent garden city, but although Ebenezer Howard's epoch-making book came out in 1898, Letchworth, the first of the garden cities, was only begun after the death of Queen Victoria.

But by the time when the Queen died, the Shaws and Webbs were nearly seventy. What about the younger architects, the men who had started in the 'eighties and were successful in the 'nineties? If one tries to survey their work, it has to be done under a different system, and that in itself is a remarkable fact. In High Victorian days the leading architects such as Scott were all-round men, and if with others a division is necessary according to the type of work they did, it would be the division between the ecclesiastical and the secular specialists. Butterfield would be all churches; Waterhouse of the Prudential, for instance, nearly all secular. Now the division is different. By and large those who followed Morris' ideals concentrated on private houses, while others, superficially more successful and more likely to win knight-hoods, went in for the large public buildings and large commercial jobs. It is in other words the division which was made in a fighting book by Norman Shaw and his friends and pupils in 1892. The book was called *Architecture—a Profession or an Art*. The artist-architects, inspired by the Morris ideal of the artist-craftsman or the medieval master-builder

stood on one side, the architect-professional men on the other, often more businesslike but often also a little less uncompromising in their attitude to clients. I need hardly add to this that the whole conception of architecture as a profession is a Victorian conception and a concomitant of nineteenth-century liberalism. The Royal Institute of British Architects was founded in 1834, and the regulation that only those who had passed an R.I.B.A. examination could become Associates of the Institute dates from 1882.

Norman Shaw was leader of the revolt against professionalism, yet he himself was still an all-rounder, and it is in fact his own late style, the style culminating in the Piccadilly Hotel, which started what one might call the official style of the latest Late Victorian and the Edwardian decade following it. It is a style different from the High Victorian Monumental. Nothing is left of the beefy honest-to-goodness High Victorian stodginess. The new style was Palladian, Christopher Wrenian, imperial in its ambitions, tasteful in its sources and means, and magniloquent in a civilised way. It is the style represented amongst men born in the eighteen-forties by Brydon who built the new government offices in Whitehall, and the municipal buildings at Bath, by Sir John Belcher who built the incredible Ashton Monument at Lancaster, the Colchester Town Hall and Electra House in the City, and by Sir Aston Webb, the architect of the new fronts of the Victoria and Albert Museum and of Buckingham Palace. They were followed by architects born in the eighteen-fifties and -sixties. Mountford of the Old Bailey, and so on to Lutyens and Sir Herbert Baker.

The sense of adventure and fantasy which had permeated Shaw's earlier work appeared in only a few of the younger architects who went in for larger buildings. Oxford is lucky in having employed the two best of these, T. G. Jackson and Basil Champneys, rather than the duller and less inventive official people. Jackson's and Champneys' contributions to Oxford are an asset, Waterhouse's to Cambridge a very embarrassing liability. But the most delightful of these fanciful Late Victorians was a church designer full of enthusiasm for the arts and crafts; John Dando Sedding whose Holy Trinity, Sloane Street, with all its colourful and playful furnishings, is the most enjoyable church of the 'nineties in the whole country.

Genius of Mackintosh

The antagonism between official Late Victorian and intimate Late Victorian is not confined to architecture. It is the contrast between the art of the Chantry Bequest and the art of Whistler and the New English Art Club. And it is as complete in painting as in architecture. Look at the leaders of the intimate school, the domestic revival, look at Charles Voysey, at Baillie Scott, at E. S. Prior, at Townsend and at Charles Rennie Mackintosh. They seem to have nothing at all in common with their representational contemporaries of the Herbert Baker type. Voysey was the most influential of them, Mackintosh without any doubt the only real genius. Voysey, with his plain roughcast walls, his bands of low horizontal windows, his light, fresh, dainty, sentimental but heartfelt detail, initiates the twentieth century more than he ends the nineteenth. Prior's and Townsend's and Mackintosh's details are Art Nouveau in the European sense, that is again a beginning rather than an end, and Mackintosh's exquisite thin uprights and horizontals and tense curves, and his ingenious interpenetration of space from room to room are heralds of the style of today.

But oddly enough when 1900 or 1905 was reached, when that style of today in all its structural and formal peculiarities came true in the hands of architects the same age as Mackintosh, not one of them was British. They are Behrens in Germany and Loos and Hoffmann in Austria, and Perret and Garnier in France, and Frank Lloyd Wright in America, and then soon a number of others. Britain shunned the revolution. It led to its very verge and then gave up. The Edwardian decade and the first two decades of the Windsor Dynasty were a period of comfortable, utterly uneventful Neo-Georgian housing for the tasteful, of rubbishy 'spec'-built Neo-Tudor housing for the others, and of a vast and hollow Imperial-Palladian for official and commercial buildings. It is not a gratifying picture which we see, as we look at these years after the death of the Queen, and it took two wars and a catharsis of supreme danger and the loss of half an Empire and of much material prosperity for Britain to recover a position in art and architecture as is now witnessed by the sculpture of Henry Moore, the interior architecture of the Festival Hall, the plans of the new towns, and the layout and buildings of the South Bank Exhibition.

—Third Programme

NEWS DIARY

August 1-7

Wednesday, August 1

Chancellor of Exchequer makes statement about decline in share values, following his announcement of proposed limitation of dividends

Commons debate two reports of Committee of Privileges

Snort tubes of A class submarines to be replaced

Thursday, August 2

M. Petsche, French Prime Minister-elect, fails to secure majority in Assembly

Mr. Robens, Minister of Labour, announces new Industrial Disputes Order

Sir Norman Brook succeeds Sir Edwin Plowden as chief planning officer at the Treasury

Friday, August 3

Mr. Stokes, Lord Privy Seal, leaves London as head of British Mission to discuss oil question with Persia

Deadlock maintained at armistice conference over proposed demilitarised zone in Korea

Police pay to be increased

Saturday, August 4

General Ridgway, U.N. Commander in Korea, breaks off armistice talks pending a communist explanation of a breach of neutrality at Kaesong

Mr. Morrison returns to London after attending meeting of Committee of Ministers at Council of Europe

Sunday, August 5

Mr. Stokes sees Persian Prime Minister

Mr. Shinwell, Minister of Defence, makes statement about small arms standardisation on return from Washington

Peking radio broadcasts explanation of incident at Kaesong

Eight killed in train accident near Arundel

Monday, August 6

Communist leaders explain 'accidental' violation of Kaesong conference area

Preliminary talks on oil dispute open in Teheran

Report published of commission of inquiry into riots in Singapore

Tuesday, August 7

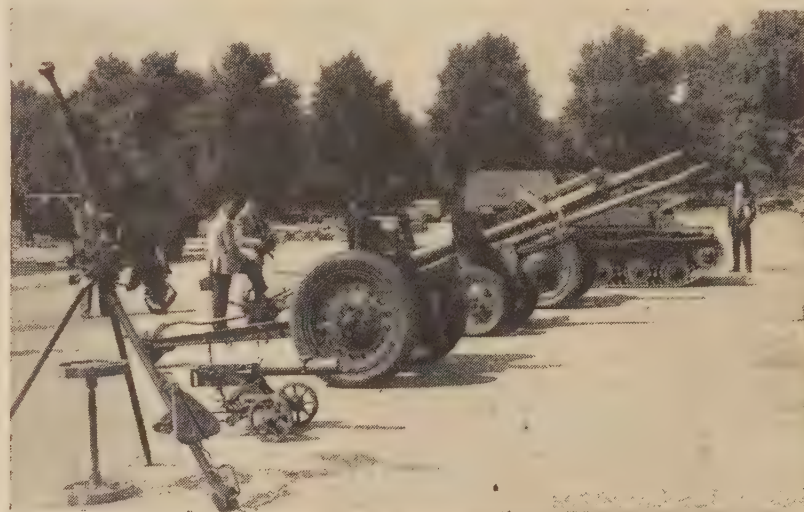
General Ridgway agrees to resumption of armistice talks at Kaesong if neutrality zone is respected

Mr. Stokes visits Abadan

State Department comments on letter by the President of the Supreme Soviet to President Truman proposing a five-Power pact



After a deadlock had been reached in the Korean armistice talks at Kaesong, General Ridgway suspended the talks altogether because of what he described as 'a flagrant violation by the communists of the Kaesong neutrality agreement'—the presence of *armed troops in the conference area*. Subsequently Peking radio offered an explanation. A wired photograph, showing troops carrying arms near the conference building



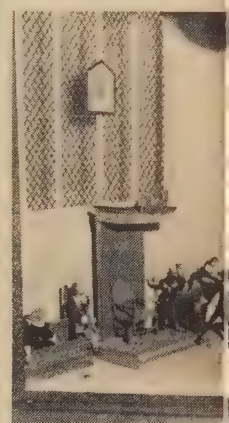
Russian-made guns captured by United Nations forces in Korea on display at the Horse Guards Parade, London. The exhibition opened on August 3



In many parts of the country August Bank Holiday week-end was spoilt by bad weather. At the Brighton Regatta the beaches were almost deserted when one of the races started on Saturday



Five British Commonwealth division r... Canada, India and New



A diorama, 'Charles I Members', from an ex... 'Parliament Past and P... leading



Children dancing round a Ma... Week' opened there on Aug... Brit



ions have contributed troops to a
ormed in Korea—Britain, Australia,
a view of the dedication ceremony



Mr. Stokes, Lord Privy Seal, arrived in Persia on August 4 as head of a mission to discuss the oil question. He is seen (centre) with Sir Francis Shepherd, British Ambassador to Persia (left) and Sir Donald Fergusson, Permanent Under-Secretary at the Ministry of Fuel (right), before leaving London airport. Exploratory talks were held in Teheran on August 6 and on the following day Mr. Stokes, accompanied by Mr. Harriman, paid a visit to Abadan where he met British officials of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company



Owing to a dispute with the Russian authorities which prevented the movement of goods from Berlin to western Germany by land, an air lift was started last week to fly out goods from Tempelhof airfield: an aeroplane being loaded there on August 2. About ninety tons of goods a day are being flown out of the city



ending the surrender of the Five
now open to the public entitled
in the Grand Committee Room
Westminster Hall



Left: German communist posters and flags in the Alexanderplatz in eastern Berlin awaiting the arrival of delegates to the 'World Youth Festival' which began on August 5



t Battle, Sussex, when a 'Medieval
is part of the town's 'Festival of
celebrations



Swans, covered in oil, being rounded up in the Thames near Tower Bridge last week for cleansing after a ship had discharged bilge contrary to regulations

Left: the German delegation on the parade ground at Bad Ischl, Austria, when the World Scout Jamboree opened there on August 3

Science and the Christian Man—IV

Science and Creation

By Canon C. E. RAVEN

WE pass now from the more general bearing of science upon the outlook of the Christian to the first and still perhaps the most controversial of the particular points that have arisen. 'Genesis and geology' was the phrase that summed up the issue upon which the New Philosophy of Francis Bacon's successors and the traditional faith of Christendom first came into open conflict.

When the Storm Broke

As late as the seventeenth century if you had asked any educated man, John Milton the poet, Thomas Hobbes the atheist, or Isaac Newton the scientist, what he thought about the origin of the world, he would have told you that it was some 5,600 years old; that it was created in substantially its present form—land and sea, plants and animals, and a pair of human beings; and that in its primitive state it was all very good. He might have added details as to the time of year or even the time of day at which the creative act took place; and would probably have accepted Milton's description in *Paradise Lost* as an accurate picture of the event. Even when by the end of the century Bishop Stensen had discussed the nature of fossils and John Ray and others had speculated about large-scale changes in the earth's surface, there was little tendency to challenge the tradition. Noah's flood was invoked to explain the presence of marine remains in the mountains and the evidence of upheavals and erosions. It was not until Buffon's *Natural History* in 1741 that the Roman Catholic Church accused him of contradicting Moses, and compelled him to recant. It was in the early nineteenth century when William Buckland published his *Bridgewater Treatise* on geology that the storm broke—though it was only in 1859, with the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species* and Bishop Wilberforce's defeat by Huxley over it at the British Association, that the issue became universally familiar.

Bitter as the controversy became, especially when extended to include the descent of man, it was not in itself a matter of great significance except for those who insisted upon the verbal infallibility of the Old Testament. For in the Bible itself, in the second half of the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, there is a very different picture of creation. Instead of Creation as an act it is here a process; instead of its being perfect it is frustrate and incomplete; instead of its being corrupted by the devil it is made subject to frustration by God; and instead of its being acted upon by God from outside it is itself in travail, awaiting the birth of the family of God and being assisted in its agony by God's own Spirit. If this version of the story had been accepted the contrast with the scientific picture would hardly have arisen. Christians who accept the broad fact of evolution as manifestly demonstrated need not feel that this in itself challenges the essentials of their faith. But behind the actual conflict over Genesis lie larger and more important issues.

The first of these involves the whole relationship of God to the world. This had for centuries—indeed ever since the Graeco-Roman age—been conceived in terms of the watchmaker and the watch, the engineer and the machine. The venerable argument from design which goes back to Xenophon and Cicero was fitted on to the language of Genesis and the Psalms and used as the most popular and powerful of the proofs for the existence of God. It encouraged the idea that God was wholly external to the world, making it, regulating it, repairing it and when necessary taking violent action to prevent it from ruin. Some of us will remember the natural history books of our childhood with their wonderful examples of the divine skill in designing every organ for its function—arguments largely derived from Ray's famous (and most valuable) book, *The Wisdom of God in the Works of Creation*. Of God as immanent and ever active, there was hardly a trace in spite of the obvious picture of such a God in the Fourth Gospel. Consequently, instead of thinking of the whole creative process as the sphere of God's continuous energy, it was assumed that He only interfered at certain crucial moments, at the first creation of life or at the creation of the first man. God was in fact fitted into the gaps

not yet filled up by the naturalistic explanations of the scientists. And the gaps after Darwin were very small. Of the natural order as itself the sphere and manifestation of the divine there was almost no conception; indeed the orthodox drew a line between natural and supernatural almost as sharp as between evil and good. In consequence when, after the Darwinian controversy, a truce was made between science and religion, the terms of it were that since science dealt with the world of sense-perceptions, of weight and measurement, and religion with values and the unseen, each of them could go its own way untroubled by the other. We are only now realising how damaging to both parties this isolation has proved—and how impossible it is to maintain. From the Christian standpoint it plainly contradicts belief that God is the creator and sustainer of nature, that His Word was made flesh, and that His Spirit is immanent in the world. From the scientific it makes any adequate psychology or indeed biology impossible and condemns science to omit from its survey all the problems most interesting to mankind. That God must be in some sense present in all things or else absent from all; and that science must ultimately take into account the whole field of the knowable, would seem to be inescapable conclusions.

The second and almost equally far-reaching issue refers to the method of the evolutionary process. Darwin, basing his theory upon the principles set out in Malthus' *Essay on Population*, laid particular stress upon the struggle for existence; and though he himself combined it with many other elements, the use and disuse of functions, adaptation to environment, sexual selection, social behaviour and such-like, Huxley fastened upon the element of rapine and endorsed Tennyson's verdict that Nature was a gladiatorial show, 'red in tooth and claw'. One large reason for the popularity of Darwinism was that it appealed to two of the chief characteristics of the Victorian age, its utilitarianism and its sentimentality. But the stress upon slaughter confronted religion with a tremendous problem; how could so cruel a world proceed from a God of love? It is not sufficient to answer that Huxley knew nothing of the living animal, that the laboratory and the museum were his world, and that his picture of nature is a grotesque caricature. That birds and beasts have neither man's sensitiveness to pain nor man's anticipation of disaster is certain; that their lives are tense but joyous is at least probable. When the great French entomologist Fabre, who has recorded the ghoulish stories of the predatory wasps or of the nuptials of the Praying Mantis, put on record his belief that all nature seemed to him 'obedient to a sublime law of sacrifice' we may think his phrase inappropriate; but should be slow to question his right to express an authoritative opinion. The survival of the fittest involves very much more than the struggle for existence: it implies, as Professor Fisher has lately demonstrated, the whole vital activity of the species, its way of life, its courtship and mating, its family and social relationships, its health and functioning, as well as its skill in inflicting or escaping death. But when all this is said, the problem still remains. Can the story of survival be accepted as compatible with a Christian view of the creative process?

Cudworth's Dilemma

We have already urged that the concept of evolution is inconsistent with the idea of God as operating upon the universe from outside, as a mechanic operates upon a motor. If we are to discuss this further issue, we must recognise that the traditional concept of God in terms of power must also be abandoned. In the heyday of the scientific movement of the seventeenth century one of my predecessors at Christ's College, Ralph Cudworth the philosopher, put the dilemma quaintly but clearly. Discussing the problem of evil he said: 'There are four alternatives: either God is able to remove evil but is not willing to do so; or he is not able, though willing; or He is neither able nor willing; or He is both able and willing: only the last is worthy of God: yet he does not remove it'. If we think of God in terms of bare omnipotence, that dilemma is insuperable. In the Old Testament there is no real solution to the issue which occupied the continuous attention of

its authors: Why does God allow the righteous to suffer? In the book of Job neither the final speech nor the fairy-tale ending in the epilogue is a real answer. Even when the idea of immortality and of recompense after death is introduced the solution can hardly be regarded as more than a pious hope. Here on earth it seems that the righteous are in fact forsaken and God does not intervene. There is perhaps nothing in all the teaching of Jesus more astonishing than His appeal to the awful impartiality of nature as proof of the perfection of God—who 'makes His sun to shine upon the good and upon the evil'.

But if we accept Christ's teaching that God is not King but Father; that love not justice is his primary quality; and that his purpose is not the creation of a machine or a set of chessmen but a home and a family of free beings, then the dilemma is seen to be a false presentation of the position. Mankind can indeed treat men and women as slaves or robots or things, for mankind has not yet passed out of the pride and possessiveness of his adolescence or learnt to live by love. But God, in spite of the quaint anthropomorphisms of much of the Old Testament and indeed of Christian theology, is not a man; nor are jealousy, or vengeance, or lust of dominion worthily ascribed to him. If he is truly portrayed in Christ then there seem to be no lengths to which his love will not go, no point at which he will lose patience with our rebellions, no question but that the way of the Cross is the only way for the overcoming of evil. He is always and everywhere the Father.

When that is said there is the plain danger, so often evident in Christian history, that love will be interpreted as amiability, and fatherhood as favouritism. No one who considers the world of nature will fall into that mistake, nor indeed is it compatible with any understanding of Christ's life and teaching. The universe is so ordered that the effects of mistakes are in the long run and at every level disastrous. Survival-value does not belong to the predatory or to the immune; to creatures that have lived by rapine or creatures that have been armoured against danger. The tiger and the elephant are not in man's immediate ancestry. Survival belongs to the sensitive; and the present outcome of the process is humanity. But the several stages of the journey are marked by the disappearance of innumerable tribes and types which seem to have left no progeny. The way is always precarious. Progress is never automatic or inevitable. It is achieved only as the organism is fitted to respond to its environment and to live as the Stoics put it 'in conformity with Nature', and the penalty for failure is—to have failed. The rocks alone preserve for our study the pterodactyls and dinosaurs and other 'dragons of the prime': if mankind does not learn to control his pugnacity and use his armaments for constructive ends, he will follow them into a similar mausoleum.

But even so the fact of rapine remains; and Christians must often share Bishop Gore's perplexity over the suffering of the animal world. Even if it be the price and instrument of progress and so in some sense

sacrificial, is it consistent with the concept of God which Jesus expressed? The problem, as we all know, is far too difficult for easy speech or glib solution. But consideration of the significance of the divine Fatherhood may reveal glimpses of light upon it. 'To bring many sons to reflect His own nature'—if that be the goal of creation, the development of individuality, of selfhood, and the autonomy of the self-determining organism must be an essential element in it. This indeed is what the evolutionary process discloses. From the beginnings in which the separate creatures behave in almost identical fashion there develop differences of behaviour within the species; and a widening range of activities calls out increasing divergence of response. At the insect level the pattern, though often intricate, is severely standardised—though even here the belief that there is no room for methods of trial and error can no longer be maintained. With the vertebrates individuality is obvious; in birds variation is familiar; with the higher mammals distinct traits of character are known to any dog-lover; if it is only with man that we can properly speak of personality, there is sufficient foreshadowing of it to justify the claim that the record of development from animal evolution to human history is a single story.

With us human beings individuality finds its fulfilment in community: we are members one of another, and by that membership at its richest find our individual separateness sublimated and transcended. But if self-sacrifice is our true self-fulfilment, yet the acquisition of selfhood is a stage in the process which cannot be evaded without disaster. Here, as every parent and teacher knows, is the basic problem. The infant, at first wholly dependent upon others, becomes the child and asserts its own claim to freedom. At adolescence it normally breaks away from the herd; faces its own solitariness; and tests the love and wisdom of its elders as it makes its mistakes and rebels against their guidance. To forestall such mistakes may be possible; to compel obedience is to arrest and distort growth. There must be room for the young to gain their own selfhood, to become in some sense the masters of their own lives, if they are to reach maturity as persons and be fit for entry into the partnership of the adult community.

In such a process there is an inevitable egoism; and if such pride is the basic sin, it is hard to see how we can escape it. Indeed the doctrine of original sin thus regarded may seem less arbitrary than in its traditional form. We may at least begin to see the truth in Alexander White's great saying: 'Penitence is better than innocence'. For if God is Father, the bringing-up of sons must involve the attainment of selfhood if the family life is to be the voluntary unity of fully mature and freely co-operative persons. And if the price often seems too high, we are in fact in no position to argue that the result could have been more cheaply attained. It may be some encouragement to us that the greatest sufferers have thought life worth while; and that Jesus himself 'chose the Cross'.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Trends in American Civil Liberties

Sir,—I think Mr. Christopher Brunel has put his finger on the spot when he says that the situation in America has now developed into an issue not between communism and democracy but between communism and fascism.

No one can deny the evils of the campaign by communism and its followers' endeavours to create fifth columns in so many countries. But the only two weapons by which communism can be fought, for these weapons are lacking in communism, are strict and impartial justice and firm adherence to the truth. The methods used by the Un-American Activities Committee, so far from exposing communism for what it really is, is producing exactly the opposite effect. There is no doubt that there is an ever growing number of people who are as bitterly and as sincerely opposed to communism as are members of this Committee and their fascist-minded supporters, who feel that the methods used are grossly unjust

and unfair and can only create sympathy for those whose political views in many cases bear only the most academic resemblance to communist doctrine but who are attacked as if they were the reddest of the reds.

Speaking impartially, one must also warn the American Council of Civil Liberties that they also display a tendentiousness which is not favourable to their cause. But I think it is perfectly true that the exaggerated and hysterical outbursts by the Un-American Committee and by many American government departments serve no purpose except to make them a laughing-stock in the eyes of those who still preserve a sense of proportion.—Yours, etc.,

Richmond

SIDNEY SALOMON

The Free Trade Union Movement

Sir,—If, as your special correspondent reports, 'the statistical picture' presented to the I.C.F.T.U. Congress in Milan last month was

'pleasing', the statistics upon which it is based are quite evidently misleading, for it was made evident during the debate on July 10 that a very considerable number of the trade union organisations represented at that Congress do not regard themselves as by any means 'free'. I refer, of course to the trade union organisations of Latin America, Hongkong, India, Cyprus, Liberia and France, whose delegates, speaking on behalf of many other trade union organisations (and of trade unionist organisations which are suppressed, as, for instance, those of British Malaya and Southern Rhodesia), forced the Executive to withdraw and re-draft an amazing Resolution which recounted in eleven paragraphs the alleged 'iniquities' of the Soviet system, but devoted only two sentences to the condemnation of the anti-trade-union policy of the Governments of Spain, Portugal, Argentina and Venezuela, and simply ignored that of many other Governments.

Mr. Christopher Serpell has slurred over,

moreover, the sharp fight between the French and the American representatives—if the former was worthy of such description, representing, as he did, but a minority of the French trade unionists—on the issue of the living conditions of the workers, in which it came out quite clearly that when one of the latter told Mr. Serpell that he felt that 'the American union's task was merely to maintain a fight for better wages and living conditions for the workers', he meant only for the American workers. This American attitude was made clear further by the fact that the American organisations made no contribution to the fund for the development of trade unionism in under-developed countries, to which the T.U.C. and individual British unions have subscribed £105,000, and got together to make sure that Sir Vincent Tewson's apparent desire not to reject out of hand the co-operation proposed by the W.F.T.U. for the improvement of living and working conditions was frustrated by the Congress, which was persuaded, apparently to the satisfaction of Mr. Serpell, to regard this proposal for united working-class action as 'an opportunity for a combative reply'!

Few will quarrel, I think, with Mr. Serpell's assertion that 'the real test of the Confederation will remain its value as a practical and effective substitute for the communist-sponsored World Federation in the defence and promotion of workers' interests'. On the other hand, few can fail to feel discouraged in this connection by the

fact that it has apparently accepted the view expressed by one American delegate, echoing the Nazi and Fascist viewpoint, that it is 'better to have too much mobilisation than too little'.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

EDGAR P. YOUNG

The Spirit of the Cotswolds

Sir,—Mr. Massingham attempts to say the Cotswold building in stone is now at an end. This is inaccurate. There is a considerable amount of modern buildings erected in the true Cotswold tradition, even post 1945. This tradition has firm roots in the past, but still lives on. Though it must be added that in the last 100 years economic reasons have produced some non-traditional buildings.

It would be interesting to know why Mr. Massingham does not regard the modern stone buildings and walls (of which presumably he must be aware) as being in keeping with the spirit of the Cotswolds.—Yours, etc.,

Cirencester

W. S. BOYCOTT

When British Trains Raced Each Other

Sir,—I must protest against one phrase in Mr. Roger Fulford's talk on British trains when he suggests that the reason the clergy are interested in railways is 'the attraction of opposites—the rush and bustle of the railways in contrast with the unruffled lives of those who adorn our rectories'. He is welcome to spend a

few days here in a parish of 15,000; a day that will start at seven and end at midnight with constant interruptions of people wanting to be married, to discuss broken marriages, with forty youths swarming into the house of an evening; with regular visits to houses where sickness is taking a devastating toll; a day with the constant worry of how money is to be found for this and that; a day when young, middle-aged and old expect to find you immediately and unflinchingly at their service. A great day and life, but compared with it a day in a mainline express is perfect peace.

Yours, etc.,

Manchester

F. S. TEMPLE

Elizabethan Life in Public Records

Sir,—For Mrs. Levy's benefit, and others who may be interested in the Jews' burial ground in London, Stow's Survey on the Aldersgate Land reveals that:

In Red Cross Street on the west side from St. Giles Churchyard with divers alleys turning into a large plot of ground called the Jews Garden as being the only place in England wherein to bury their dead, till the year 1177, the 24th of Henry II, that it was permitted to them (after a long suit to king and parliament at Oxford) to have a special place assigned them in every quarter where they dwelt.

Stow wrote his Survey in the year 1598.

Yours, etc.,

New Downington

W. A. ACTON

Church and State in the U.S.S.R.

(continued from page 209)

Articles on controversial political topics going beyond a restatement of the loyalty of the church to the state are not frequent, and when they do appear they must be regarded as expressions of private opinion. It is interesting to observe, however, that even in an article which has perhaps gone further than any other in expressing approval of the communist regime—an article by Luke, Archbishop of the Crimea, published in the *Journal of the Moscow Patriarchy* in January 1948—in that article there is an entirely independent note which would be quite inconceivable in any other publication in the Soviet Union.

We have no cause for enmity against the Government [wrote the archbishop] for it has provided complete freedom to the church and does not interfere in its internal affairs. We are, of course, completely alien to materialism, which forms the ideological basis of communism, but this does not prevent us from seeing all that is good and full of social justice in what the new state regime has given us.

Apart from this outright repudiation of materialism, one should note the emphasis on the 'complete freedom' of the church secured by the government. A layman of the Russian church on a visit abroad a few years ago made a similar statement and was challenged in private conversation to explain what he meant by it.

We do not mean [he replied] that members of the church have complete freedom of publicly expressing their opinions or carrying on any form of activity. We are Soviet citizens, and in this respect we have no more freedom than any other Soviet citizens. What we mean is that no pressure is brought upon the church to teach anything or believe in anything which is not contained in her doctrines. This is what we regard as the complete freedom of our church.

I have dwelt at some length on political utterances by leading members of the Russian church mainly because, amid the dearth of other information, they have led to a distorted picture of the nature of the church's activities. A very reliable witness who spent some time in the Soviet Union and had a close insight into the

day-to-day life of the church remarked that politics play a very slight part in the life of the church. What struck him, in fact, was the contrast between the external, public activity of the church in Russia and the public activity of churches in the countries of western Europe. Here, he said, we find bishops and other leading ecclesiastics writing articles on Christian civilisation and urging the participation of the churches in public affairs while attendance of church services is poor and religious fervour is lukewarm. In Russia he found churches full and religious fervour very strong, but all highly concentrated within a framework surrounded by a regime hostile to religion.

It would be right to say, I think, that though relations between church and state in the Soviet Union today are not exactly normal, a *modus vivendi* has been arrived at with which both sides are, for the time being, satisfied. As far as the attitude of Soviet statesmen is concerned we can only go by what we glean from official Soviet publications. Anything else is pure guesswork. As a pure guess I might venture to suggest that there may be some Soviet statesmen who, despite their Marxism, regard the present revival of anti-religious propaganda as a cumbersome nuisance.

As far as the church is concerned, what always strikes one when coming in contact with representatives of the church in Russia is their supreme confidence. They never appear to have any doubt that the battle for religion in Russia has been won. Have they any grounds for this confidence? We have no statistics for the numbers of believers in the Soviet Union. In 1937 the Soviet Government tried to obtain such statistics when it held a general census on January 6 that year. (January 6, incidentally, is Christmas Eve according to the Old Calendar in use by the Russian church.) One of the questions to which every Soviet citizen had to reply was: Are you a believer? The questioning was carried on orally and the instructions to the census officials were that if they got a reply in the affirmative they

were to question the citizen further and ask him if he merely meant that he had been baptised or if he really held religious views. In September 1937 it was announced that the census figures had been sabotaged and that a new census would be held in January 1939. When this census was held the question on religion was omitted.

A good many conjectures on the number of believers in Russia have been made. They range from fifteen per cent. of the population, made by a Soviet diplomat in Paris whose attitude to religion was not friendly, to sixty or even eighty per cent., made by a prominent clergyman in Moscow. Another conjecture put the figures at thirty per cent. believers, thirty per cent. unbelievers, and the rest indifferent.

Since the war several complaints have been made in articles in the Soviet press and at congresses of the Young Communist League that there are young people holding religious views. On April 25 this year—which happened to be Wednesday of Holy Week—the *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, the organ of the Young Communist League, published a letter on this subject from two readers in Kiev.

When an old person believes in God [they wrote] or practises religious observances, this is understandable. . . . We observe it, too, among young people studying in theological seminaries, and explain it by their extraordinary backwardness. We have had occasion, however, to meet young men and women who were brought up in the same way as any other person in our country, and who yet have religious prejudices.

Complaints of this kind have been published before, but the new element in this letter is the reference to the theological students. When relations between church and state changed during the war the church was faced with a great shortage of priests and got permission to organise a network of theological seminaries which in the past few years has been expanding. Here we have the first instance of these theological students being noticed by the man-in-the-street as an element in the community.

—From a talk in the Third Programme

The Cult of Nostalgia

By ELIZABETH BOWEN

NOSTALGIA: so very much in evidence; such a subject. It has been on in the increase; it came to a steady level; I think there is reason to hope it may be on the decline. The hope may sound rather brutal: can we afford in these days, you may ask, to sever any life-line, to break off any continuity? Because of course there could be that aspect to our perpetual dwelling on the past.

The thing is, at the start, to try and see how far this is, or has been, a vogue; or how far it is a real addiction. A very great part of the writing of our own period has served as a carrier—yes, and promoter too—of this nostalgia. Would such writing succeed—which is to say, be acceptable—if there were not a call for it? I suppose, no. One of the dangerous powers of the writer is that he feeds, or plays up to, fantasies he knows to exist. He knows of their existence for the good reason that they are probably active in himself. In contacting the same fantasies in his readers he does something to break down his isolation. If, by so doing, he also may make his living, who is to blame him? But without injustice to him, we should recognise this: that it is easier to recall than to invent, easier to evoke than to create.

The Writer-Artist's Terms of Reference

It is true, of course, that creation in the literary sense is, must be, to a great extent evocation, the calling up of images, feelings, trains of thought which are recognisable, being common to all men. Accepted human experience is not only the writer-artist's subject; it gives him his terms of reference, and up to a point provides—even dictates—his vocabulary. But am I wrong in saying the inner object of art is not merely to reproduce but to add? Ideally, should not the book, story or poem constitute what has not yet been, what is new? Yet the work of outright imagination sets up, so often, in the first place, some sort of uneasiness or recoil. Why should that be? What is present? It is the unfamiliar, the unforeseen relation between things, the breakthrough of an unexpected light, the new experience, so far without precedent.

The unfamiliar: really, it may be argued, these days we are having enough of that. Its cold breath meets us at every turn, not only in art, which we may eschew, but in everyday life, which is unavoidable. To live at all, to conduct oneself through a day, week, year, is a matter of shocks, incredulities, then adjustments. If it is true, as one hears, that the British are becoming more tolerant towards art, that may be because there is little to choose between one form of the extraordinary and another: existence is extraordinary, in itself. But at the same time there is in us, I do maintain, a natural strong resistance against all this. Our emotions, even our senses, seek something stable to cling to. How can we not seek, in some form, an abiding city? We continue to cry out for the well known, the comfortable, the dear, for protecting walls round the soul. The resource, we begin to feel, the solution, is to turn back—turn back into the past. The past, now, seems to be the repository of all treasures.

The most concrete, most personal past is childhood. Childhood is a terrain which we all can, or all fancy we can, re-enter, without falsifications, without breaches with honesty. It is a meeting-ground, for have not all childhoods much in common? At a distance, that time of any life seems to have been both simple and dramatic; and also this was a time of fresh, sharp and pure sensation. The favoured scenes of that era—particular street-corners, canal-sides, edges of woods, outlooks from windows, turns of staircases—still hold when one revisits them, if they survive, an emphatic, immortal charm of their own. And, something more, they hold virtue, seem to give out virtue.

Change, in such places, wreaks a personal injury, a tearing out of pages from one's own story: so much so that, knowing how wide and drastic the scope of change is, we may not dare to risk a real-life return, but instead prefer to brood on those scenes in memory—remembrance—which is more insidious, more in-growing, but more safe. . . . Just how egotistical, I wonder, are those either actual or imaginary return journeys? Is it one's nascent self, one's in-the-bud identity, that one

looks for? Or, better, is one really in search of the thing-in-itself—of that independent clearness with which the flint wall, the flight of uphill steps, the reflected arch of the bridge, used to stand out—stand out not blurred, as yet, by too many associations? We were once—or were, we believe—as children, aware of the delightful and forceful mystery locked up in the existence of outside things. What were they saying, what were they hiding, what were they leading to? What had been, or was likely to be, their story? That heaven lying around us in our infancy: was it perhaps in fact, or at least in part, the heaven of impersonal curiosity? If so, it is a heaven we do indeed do well to try and regain. The original magic—perhaps, even, the original truth?

As children, we wanted knowledge. Growing up, we have found ourselves fobbed off with information. We have the answers, but have forgotten the questions which gave them context. It is, probably, that delight of the search, that sense of enigma, that urge towards exploration which a skilful book about childhood does most revive. Or at least, it is by the hope or hint of revival that such a book acts on us most effectively. Yes, but always along with that, though, goes the menace of the sentimental untruth. Then, we may come to believe, the sun always shone. There was happiness.

Nonsense—as we all well know. Frank memory is latent somewhere in all of us: one can check on its records by watching any ordinary child: which is to say, almost any child at all. There were, there are, great stretches of listless boredom. Adventurousness was, and is, intermittent, along with fancy, wonder and curiosity. Anxieties and embarrassments, in a child, may look small to us because its range of existence seems small; but, like our own, they are grimly to scale, therefore, as ours do, loom grimly large. We go on projecting on to the child—on to the state of childhood—what we most yearn for and lack: security. But, in fact, is it too much to say that no child ever has known security? If it had it, it imagined it away: comfortable nurseries were stalked by night fears; grown-ups were incalculable; whole structures of hope could fall at a fatal word. All that is well known; too well known, really—it makes sad repetition. Why, indeed, destroy so much as the last of the fiction of paradise? Or rather, why trample over the ground where once we fancied paradise used to be? Let us leave it that children, as a race, probably are, and probably always have been, more competent at the business of happiness than we are. As humans, they do not do so badly. But neither, for the matter of that, do we.

Our Wish for Illusion

Our wish for illusion, that is the striking thing. That, and our capacity to be satisfied, however briefly. Whether the world is really less habitable than it used to be is an open question: in the main, we do consider it so—we therefore look for alleviation; and on the whole it is wonderful how we find it. Reading is an aid; and the past, lately, has proved one unfailing source: memoirs, biography, old diaries found in old desks, agreeable works of history, rich historical novels. Everything was, apparently, nicer then: more vivid, less monotonous, more important. The light that never was on land or sea, falls on gardens; the silhouette of the house in trees; the leisurely pair of lovers strolling by the lake; the classic streets of a more orderly London.

Importance—the spot-lighting of the individual figure, the stress on will and choice, the climactic nature of passion—may not that be most of all? It appears—it is made so to appear—that there was a time (fix it when, where you like) when persons were major characters; when a whole world attached to their decisions and actions, to what they thought, felt, achieved, triumphed over, or suffered. What we envy in them also is what attracts us: as we observe, with envy, the unconscious imperialism of childhood. They were themselves, it appears to us: are we? That is, are we ourselves, so fully, to the last risk? No, under present conditions, we fear, not. But might we not have been so, under other conditions? Surely. Those 'other conditions', where are they to be found? Our innate perfectionism—for we are all perfectionists—cries out for them. They were to be found, we become convinced, in the Past, rude, unjust, and insanitary though it may have been.

Of course there is always the future, a picture sketched but still to be coloured in. Our moral wills salute the future, subscribe to it and support it; but pleasure is not a matter of moral will; and it is pleasure, or the pursuit of that, which we have at the moment under analysis. And in fact, of course, all pleasure is of the moment: what we desire actually is the 'now'. During the moment in which we draw the breath, we cast round for what shall pierce us, elate us. The enhanced sensation, the dazzling image, the enjoyable regret, the tear shed looking at a sunset—from our nostalgia we gather an easy harvest. We are masters, however, of the romantic subterfuge. Beware, though, of the subterfuge which outlasts its day. Nostalgia—our nostalgia—is that beginning to decline? Perhaps. . . .

Against it, there is the pressing realism of history; the accumulation of evident fact and law. There is the climate of the actual literature of the past, bracing, harsh, shocking, not easy to enter, not always comfortable to breathe. *Tom Jones*: should we have done well in that robust and trenchant world? Compared to the Fielding characters, we are sheltered creatures. We are of a certain intelligence: we dare not not be. We dare not reject the evidence: we must know and judge. Whole reaches of the past were so grim a jungle that it is a miracle anybody survived it; and, at the best, never, we may be certain, did the

sky of the day not shed a trying glare. So trying that in each generation there were those who could not—or thought they could not—sustain it. Yes, the nostalgics. We can spot them, perceive them, their heads turned back, all the way down the distances of the road of time. There is something not very exhilarating about their company. They look, somehow, grey, middle-aged, rather mournfully middle-class.

We may, indeed, note today that it is in the younger people that revulsion against nostalgia is most marked. 'What is all this?' they intimate. 'Nothing, to us. Today is today; it's got to be good enough'. Will they stick by that, or will they have to compromise? I hope not. I should like to see a whole generation keep the power of taking its moments 'straight'—not half-overcast by fantasy, not thinned-down by yearning. Why, indeed, should not imagination—without which, granted, happiness is impossible—be able to burn up in the air of today? It was out of zest, out of a sometimes blind vitality, out of barbarian energy, that the past was built. There it stands, there it lies, mounting, extending, never complete, in all the nobility of its imperfection. It does not seek to attach us; it does not need us. What of the present, the 'now', the moment—so disconcerting, so fleeting, so fascinating in its quivering inability to be pinned down? What has great art done but enclose that eternal 'now'?—*Third Programme*

Why Has Narrative Poetry Failed?

By RICHARD MURPHY

POETIC drama is now flourishing—but I think there are few recent narrative poems which deserve to be called great or even particularly good. Attempts at little epic have been made: MacLeish's 'Conquistador', for example: and in the hands of Auden and MacNeice the ballad—the Sammy Hall sort of ballad rather than the Chevy Chase sort—has been reinvigorated. But the important narratives of this century have been prose narratives, and it is remarkable that within the last twenty years there have been two notable translations of Homer—those of T. E. Lawrence and E. V. Rieu—both in prose. Indeed it seems to be assumed that the novel has destroyed narrative poetry by filling the same role more efficiently, that E. M. Forster and Conrad are truer lineal descendants of Wordsworth than the poets who have attempted narrative. Passages in Virginia Woolf—the house lying vacant while Mrs. Ramsay dies; the buses and daffodils of Mrs. Dalloway's afternoon—attain that lyrical intensity which formerly was reserved for poetry; and Bloom's progress on Bloomsday is the closest approach in modern English literature to the universality of epic. But I do not want to discuss how the novel has dislodged the narrative poem. I am interested, instead, to find what things remain that only narrative poetry can do, and if it can still do them well.

When this kind of verse disintegrated, it seems to have broken into fragments, of which some were picked up by novelists, while others lie scattered through occasional poetry. Before examining these fragments to see if they could be built again into a form, I want to suggest a reason for the break up of narrative poetry at the end of the nineteenth century. I think mere competition from the novel can be eliminated. Interest in the narratives of Tennyson, Browning and Arnold was not diminished by the tremendous achievements of Victorian novelists. The new achievements in the novel and the absence of new achievements in narrative poetry seem to me to have been the results of the social, religious and scientific changes which affected one form favourably, and the other adversely.

The gradual political revolution which gathered momentum throughout the nineteenth century isolated the individual, and took from him the sense of having a place in a settled order. Such a sense of being in a settled order is inherent in poems like 'Beowulf', 'The Canterbury Tales' and 'The Faerie Queene', in which a stable social hierarchy is taken for granted both by the poet and the audience he was writing for. Although the novel can, of course, have a similar background—*War and Peace* is a grand example of one that has—it does not need it; and when the change came, the novel, by being able to qualify its general statements with particular instances to a degree that the tradition of narrative poetry would not allow, was able to

respond to the change more quickly. But poetry which assumed that certain ways of conduct and thought were common to its readers lost half its force and significance—half its intelligibility even—when its primary assumptions ceased to be true. And when poetry shifted the centre of its references from what the community assumed to what the individual poet experienced personally, narrative poetry was uncertain and hollow, its foundation was gone, and no new approach was found.

Narrative poetry was also affected disastrously, but the novel unharmed, by the disintegration of the world of ideas and common religious assumptions on which a great deal of narrative poetry had been planned. To take one example: 'Paradise Lost' was until this century the great standard or model for narrative verse in English. But it was much more. It was what Milton intended it to be. It was a justification of the ways of God to man. To the vast majority of people today, of course, such a justification is uninteresting and meaningless. It is not simply that we do not believe any longer in the literal accuracy of the Book of Genesis. What is infinitely more important is that we have abandoned the religious outlook on life. We no longer think and feel and write and criticise within a framework of revealed truth. We no longer see all actions as related parts of one cosmic action which had a beginning and will have an end, and within which all other events and circumstances have a place and are controllable. After that abandonment the poet was thrown back on his own experience, and until poetry could build up a new system based on the poet's personal experience, narrative poetry was without the support of tradition which had been essential to it.

One result of this change was the loss of the sense of action and time. Some poets could, like Yeats, construct a new personal religion—and mythology—'almost an infallible church of poetic tradition, of a fardel of stories, and of personages, and of emotions'—but that was merely an attempt to use temporary props where the timber had given way. There is in Yeats' poetry, even in those few parts that are narrative, a sense not of action but of arrested motion. There is a sense of time having passed, but not of it actually passing: and this, perhaps, is a result of the dissolution of the old system. Ezra Pound's 'Cantos' seem to show deliberately the breakdown in the sense of action in time. Without such a sense there cannot be narrative poetry: there can only be fragments. As the type of action which the greatest narratives presented was of the same general kind as that of the myths of creation and death, the change in the interpretation of these stories involved the loss of a poetic sense of the kind of action which they typify. If, like the novel, the narrative poem had been designed on the pattern of particular behaviour in particular circumstances, the

change might not have touched it. Yeats was certain that the change was permanent. 'Generations must pass', he said 'before man recovers control of event and circumstance'.

The breaking up of the old order of society, and the interruption in the continuity of belief, caused changes in the language of poetry which reacted against narrative. Poetic diction had become archaic and unreal. The attempt to bring science into the system required too much discursiveness for the result to be poetic. There was the symbolist reaction to isolate and purify the essence of poetry. Narrative was discarded as impure. Then, in this century, the improvements in the techniques of non-metrical verse, and devices such as sprung rhythm, were not immediately beneficial to poetry other than lyric. Narrative verse needs to have a settled quality of language and style, which will make it willingly and continuously acceptable without interruption to the reader. It has, of course, a purity of its own that is just as essential to it as the purity aimed at in symbolism was at one time to lyric. It must assume that the reader knows and will accept its techniques, so that tricks of vocabulary, alliteration, assonance and so on, can be reduced to a barely noticeable part in the construction and movement of a large, complete work. Poetry of this kind is slower to respond to a break in continuity than lyric or prose or satire. It is a sign of the necessity, in narrative, of stable language and metre that in his translation of Homer Rieu has used a blank verse rhythm as a sort of groundswell under the smooth surface of prose. Poetry must continually refer back and bring what it finds there forward, either by using poetic diction or by making conscious allusions. Poetry contains and uses its own history. The change from epic diction to poetic allusion was a disaster for the old kind of narrative: but it may be only a matter of time before the use of poetic allusions becomes firm and customary enough to be the basis of a new narrative style.

Narrative Qualities in Occasional Poetry

So far, I have been suggesting some reasons why narrative poetry failed. Now I want to see what fragments remain, what narrative qualities can be found in occasional poetry. If we recall the most moving moments in modern verse we notice that many of them are in some way associated with myths or legends: Tiresias, the typist and the clerk; the journey of the Magi; narrative passages in the 'Cantos', particularly the Homeric opening; prolonged meditations like Edwin Muir's 'The Labyrinth'. There is, I think, a common assumption that myths have meaning and value which the poet can still convey. The exploitation of studies in anthropology is a general example of this assumption. The plot of the play 'Point of Departure' and the film 'Orphée', the construction of Joyce's 'Ulysses', show the power that is still latent in the action of a myth. I stress this because it is sometimes assumed that narrative poetry today has nothing to write about. On the contrary, the passages I have mentioned—and everyone will think of his own examples—show that the myth still has both meaning and value. Jung perhaps has explained why.

Of course there is a difference in the way the myth is approached today. The value of the story has become relative to its meaning to one mind. The poet's mind has become the stage on which the action takes place, and the myth is treated as an indication or reflection of the state of that mind. The narrative poet appeals now to his own experience of the subject—which is what he is trying to convey—and not to a common belief about what things are or what they might become. I think this change in the attitude to myths, and the purpose of the poet in using them, has become so settled and customary that one of the reasons for the failure of narrative poetry—collapse of belief in the literal truth of myths—has now been eliminated. And since the value given to the story is one which the poet has now got to impose himself, the absence today of social stability to form the basis of a story is correspondingly reduced in importance.

If we look next at the introduction of new language and imagery which has reinvigorated poetry, we find that all the areas of experience rejected as impure at the end of the last century have been reinstated. There are few epic passages in the poetry of Auden, MacNeice and Spender, but there is the opportunity for a wide range of epic simile in those parts of their commentary or reporting which bring the contemporary world into the picture. Each of the three narrative poems of Day Lewis shows a stronger development of that necessary pre-requisite for narrative—a bringing of the real world of the poet's experience fully into the picture. Brilliant observation and resourcefulness of language increase the sense of conviction in the story. Then we find that the poet's experience of his subject—that quality of realistic

imagination, which is our equivalent of the fanciful imagination of a century ago—has been improved in originality and vigour. Experience and observation form a criterion for much modern poetry, and as I have suggested they could be the basis of a new treatment of myths. Where we have an example of this faculty being applied in a narrative poem, as in W. R. Rodgers' 'Christ Walking on the Water', the concentration on the experience itself, what it must have looked and felt like, has filled the story with a new kind of intensity. Almost as important for narrative poetry, especially for poetry resembling epic, is what can simply be called sheer energy of style, a capacity to strike out on a theme at a high pitch, and sustain an impetus for paragraph after paragraph, evenly, inevitably, and with accumulating force. I find this most physical quality of poetry in the work of Robert Lowell. No matter how difficult his meaning, there is an impulse which compels you to go on. And 'The Labyrinth' shows an ability to think in paragraphs, to sustain a meditation and make it move, in the way the meditations of Job or Satan or Samson are made to move.

We are still, however, left wondering whether the problem of time and action will find a solution. Although I mentioned an incident in 'The Waste Land' as an epic moment, this really looks more like the end of narrative poetry than the beginning. Here time, history, society are seen in fragments: nothing but fragments of narrative could come from such a vision. But if we turn to 'The Four Quartets', we find—perhaps because 'The Waste Land' is a reflection of an age, and this later poem of a mind—that time, history, society are woven with an idea of order which they may not in themselves possess. As the failure of the common assumptions of order was the first cause of the collapse of narrative poetry, the ability of the poet to impose his own idea of order on experience is the most important stage in the discovery of a new form. We can see in 'Christ Walking on the Water' that the poet can perfectly convey all the sensations that are developed by an experience. But something more is required for a poem on a larger scale. I think 'The Four Quartets' contain examples of this extra quality—the faculty of the poet to impose his own idea of order on experience, and to convey both to the reader satisfactorily, not depending on common assumptions for his response. Some of these examples are, in fact, in narrative, or almost narrative, form. I am thinking of the long epic simile of the underground, and the changing of scenery in a theatre; and of the whole passage in Little Gidding where the poet meets a stranger—

As if blown towards me like the metal leaves
Before the urban dawn wind unreisiting.

These examples belong to the meditative kind of narrative, and they are not long; but I think they are sufficient to show that a resolution of the question of time—the control of event and circumstance—could be effected on an individual scale; and that narrative is the appropriate form when this has been done.

So we reach the last problem, which is the absence of any settled form of narrative poetry. I have pointed to one or two examples of narrative technique in modern poetry, and have suggested ways in which the narrative poem could be used today. I think that if and when the conditions are right, the form will shape itself to them almost by necessity. But if I may draw conclusions from what I have said, it is likely that the form will be a development of the present occasional poem; that it will use poetic allusions, lines that recall images in other poets, instead of poetic diction as this was understood until the Victorian age; that it will relate the experience in the remote story, if the story is remote, to the kind of experience which someone living today could really feel; and lastly, that it will be an alternative, on the larger, unified scale, to the fragmentary, moment by moment record of experience in small occasional poems.—*Third Programme*

The Poet's Grace

When once my empty purse was fat
And I sat down to eat,
The times when I my thanks forgot
Kind Heaven now delete;

And grant that since my grateful prayer
At every meal has place,
Thine ears may note as heretofore
How seldom I say grace.

I. R. ORTON

Bernard Shaw's 'Feast of Reason'

By ARLAND USSHER

I SPEAK frankly as one who was never a Shavian. Shaw's mind lacked always two things which I am still romantic enough to prize—colour and mystery. The thought of all those committees, all those Fabian summer schools, was too much for me. And yet, if Shaw were buried in any Christian grave—whether consecrated or not—I should hold the spot in particular veneration. For there was nothing common in him; and—what is, alas, rarer in a literary man—there was nothing mean.

This peculiar elevation of temper he always carried, like his fiercely, but gaily, tilted chin; his life was a disproof of the saying *bel esprit mauvais caractère*. But I do not mean to imply that Shaw was altogether of angelic cast. It is ironical to remember that, after he wrote 'Candida', Shaw was hailed as a Defender of the Hearth, and that, after 'Saint Joan', he almost received popular canonisation as a Defender of the Faith—chiefly on account of the indifferent 'poetic' passages in those plays. G. K. Chesterton once said that G.B.S., in another age, would have been a great and devout saint; but I can imagine him more easily as Abélard than as St. Bernard. Chesterton's fancy was founded, of course, on the notion that Shaw was what is called a 'puritan'. Puritan—an idle, or rather an over-worked word—I know not what it means. If a puritan be someone who fears and suppresses the passions, on account of their strength, then Shaw was the least puritanic of men.

He was in fact not puritanical but essentially *pure*—though with a slightly 'cellophane' sort of purity. His coldness was that of the intellectualist rather than of the moralist; and he hardly knew the meaning of an 'inhibition'. Was Don Juan a puritan (or for that matter those other Shavian puppets—Charles II and Catherine of Russia)? Yet Shaw had much of Don Juan in him, and he himself was conscious of the affinity; he wrote one of his best scenes around it—in one of his most tedious plays.

It would be as true (and as false) to call Shaw an epicure as a puritan; though he was an epicure in the Greek sense, and loved thoughts more than sensations. His aversion for animal food may have been partly due to the fact that vegetarian restaurants, in his youth, provided more interesting and diversified fare than the popular cook-shops. English cookery might well make vegetarians of us all. In addition, I think he cultivated his eccentricity, as he cultivated his Irish voice, for the sake of doing an 'act'; and it is interesting to speculate whether he would have persisted in his frugalities if prosperity had not come to him late, when his habits had hardened and the Shaw legend was already formed. He knew the public is more interested in an author's habits than in his ideas; and that, if you talk for long enough about your habits, you may even find in the end that your ideas are being talked about. To be told what the great man eats gives almost the sensation which the French populace had in being permitted to assist at the meals of the Grand Monarque.

However, when all deductions are made, it remains true that Shaw was slightly unbalanced on this subject of the flesh—like so many Irishmen. He was certainly on much worse terms with it than he was

with the other two members of the famous trio; in fact he saw the Flesh—Manichean-wise—as the World and the Devil rolled in one. It was apparently impossible for him to imagine that a vegetarian frugal-living dictator could be worldly, and indeed devilish, in his aims; so that the man who protested against Denshawai was unmoved by Dachau.

G.B.S.'s teetotalism is in a slightly different category; and it has been a little misconceived by writers who do not know the Irish atmosphere. In Ireland, drinking is not so much a weakness of the flesh as a form of flight from the flesh; and the pub is the layman's monastery. Irish puritanism is a Catholic phenomenon even more than a Protestant one; but there is no equivalent in Ireland to the English 'non-conformist conscience', touching such things as drink, cards or betting. If an Irishman eschews these diversions, it is not from a congenital moral tone, but usually from unhappy family experience. Anyhow, the thought that Shaw could ever have needed alcoholic stimulants would indeed be a good joke; one feels that a G.B.S. 'under the influence' might have given vent to a merriment too loud for mortal ears! No doubt his indifference to the vine showed a certain gap in his culture: an inappreciation of the best part of tradition—of things 'slow-matured and 'set', like orthography, church-ritual and menus. Culture to him was bourgeois; and he had perhaps a right to feel that way, because he was not by temperament a bourgeois. Even Lenin never called him that!

Which reminds one that Lenin said he was 'a good man fallen among Fabians'. The remark was probably less epigrammatic in the original Russian than in translation; for Lenin was not addicted to epigram. But it was any case unapt; for Shaw created Fabianism more than Fabianism perverted Shaw. One may wish, indeed, that Ireland, land of missionaries, had sent forth a Shaw to every European capital at the beginning of the century; the world today might wear a different aspect. But perhaps the collaboration, after all, was needed. 'An English army led by an Irish general', said Shaw's Napoleon, might defeat a French army led by an Italian general. It is impossible not to suspect that Shaw was thinking of the Fabian campaigners, under his generalship: a combination which may, or may not, prove to have anticipated and disarmed the Marxian drive. As Wesley saved England from the French Revolution, so Shaw may have saved her from the Russian; the fact is of more importance than his uncritical admiration of the Soviets.

Fabian socialism is of course regarded by Marxists as 'drawing-room socialism'; but the force of the gibe depends a little on the drawing-room. To have made socialism a polite topic in the salons of the rich was, at the time, a much more impressive achievement than laying dynamite in their cellars would have been. Moreover, in one respect Shaw was the most consistent and logical of all socialists—namely, in making perfect equality of income the touchstone of true socialism. This Shavian ideal—like every other kind of rigid equalisation—seems to me indeed as undesirable as it is impracticable. Nevertheless, it



Bernard Shaw with Hilaire Belloc and G. K. Chesterton: a photograph taken to commemorate the Shaw-Chesterton debate, 'Do We Agree?', in the Kingsway Hall, October 1927, when Mr. Belloc was in the chair. The debate was broadcast

should always have been obvious in theory, as it is becoming more and more evident in the Soviet practice, that socialism with great income-disparity can only result in oligarchy—an oligarchy perhaps more despotic than any previously known; and it would assist clear thinking if such socialism were called by some other name, such as managerialism. G.B.S. was surely right in proving that merit cannot be measured in material rewards—that such rewards vitiate indeed the very idea of merit; and that the man who is paid for his work is in fact working only for pay, as no artist and no gentleman does.

An Urban Thinker

Nevertheless, since one may assume that there will always be some inequality, we should be wise to set one inequality to check another; and, I would modestly submit, there is a case to be made for a working landed proprietary, to balance the modern tendency towards a swollen city officialdom. Here Shaw, like all socialists—their eyes fixed on the abuses of a decadent feudalism—seems to me rather viciously urban in his thinking; agriculture, in his vision, was a matter for chemists, statisticians and accountants—and, of course, tractors. Shaw retained from his discontented adolescence—the four years which he spent uncongenially in a land-agent's office—an anti-landlordism worthy of the most virulent Fenian; and, to the end of his life, the Ricardian law of rent remained his chief villain-of-the-piece.

Shaw's deepest grievance against private property was, after all, its cruelty to the well-connected poor. The hard lot of this unfortunate class—plunged from high living into low water—is more stressed in his writings than in those of any other sociologist I know. Ireland is still a country of large families and close family ties; in Shaw's boyhood there was in fact no recognised Irish 'middle class', but only hordes of poor relations. G.B.S. certainly hated poverty more than he loved the poor—of whom he was wont to say, with gruff geniality, that he wanted simply to exterminate them. In his aversion to the proletariat there seems to me something almost snobbish about Shaw. His humanitarianism has even something of the disgustedness of Swift; his refusal to eat animals was due in part, one feels, to the fact that they reminded him of the so-called 'lower orders'.

But Shaw was no mere orator and pamphleteer. He also, after all, wrote plays; and if those plays tended to be discussions, they were discussions as dramatic as the Dialogues of Plato and as amusing as those of Lucian. He claimed, very definitely, to be both artist and philosopher—and within certain limits, we must admit his right to both titles. If he did not reach the greatest heights in either capacity, he was perhaps truly great as the thing he called himself—an artist-philosopher, a Socrates who was also an Aristophanes. He brought philosophy out of the universities and art out of the coteries, as he took revolution out of anarchist cellars; and gave needed dusting and ventilation to all three. His greatness was that he put both philosophy and life upon the boards; but it was his weakness that his thought and his art were never fused. By instinct he remained a rationalist, even though with his reason he became a vitalist. More and more he tended—by the logic of rationalism—to give all the good speeches to his 'worldly' characters: the capitalist, the empire-builder, the inquisitor. Shaw was not a man without heart, nor yet a man of second-rate intellect; but there was a discord in him. He was not integrated, which means that he was what he was always accusing everyone else of being: non-adult. He kept blowing out the 'intelligence', like a boy with a paper bag, until it burst. If he had written the Apology of Socrates, he would have turned it—even against his will—into an apology for Socrates' judges.

Don Juan and Don Quixote

Shaw had something of Don Juan; but he had even more of Don Quixote. For he was always, in spite of the drabness of his conceptions, the essential nobleman—a grandee fallen among Fabians, it may be truly said. His quixotism may not be apparent to those who think of him merely as the 'Anti-Romantic'; but he was a Quixote of the future rather than of the past. The boyhood of Shaw—the hungry and lonely youth, dividing his time between the land-agent's office and the heights above Dublin Bay—has something of the boyhood of Raleigh. His famous 'realism'—his appetite for gritty fact—belongs really to the Sancho Panza side of him, but his socialism remained to the end a Morris-like Utopianism, shot through with Carlylean hero-worship; a medley of sense and fantasy, taking small account of real historic trends—the dream of a young Napoleon of the mind in a barren island.

For what was wrong with G.B.S. was a quite dumbfounding lack of

the historical sense. In his *Caesar* there is nothing of the pagan sense of fate, with Joan of Arc none of the intimate presence of the supernatural, with Adam and Eve no feeling of the dawn of a world. Nevertheless, the portrait of St. Joan, in the play of that name, is extremely sensitive; there is indeed a danger, unless the Latin lands will produce a better impersonation, that Shaw's Joan may replace the historic one. G.B.S. could always draw a charming female, even if his males are over-afflicted with the curse of garrulity. Sometimes he deliberately sacrificed his heroines' charm to their intelligence; but I think he did this less than is usually supposed. It is too often asserted, even still, that Shaw's plays are only 'disguised tracts' and his women mere 'suffragettes'; but in fact the plays are mostly poor and incoherent considered as propaganda, and the heroines are often quite disconcertingly wily and feline. In 'Man and Superman' the stratagems of Ann Whitefield almost (but not quite) console us for the sociological trumpetings of Tanner; she is quite evidently a villainess of the family of the Marquise de Merteuil, and a most unhappy choice for the mother of the Superman! In 'Candida' the heroine is so engaging that we forget—and her creator himself seems not to have perceived—that she is a bit of a fraud. She stays with Morell, not because he is 'the weaker of the two', but because from her viewpoint she would be making a bad exchange in leaving him for the poet with whom she is not even in love. 'Captain Brassbound's Conversion', again, which one would take from its title to be an uncompromising tract, is a play devised simply to glorify a charming and clever woman; it has no problem, any more than 'The Doctor's Dilemma' has a clear-cut dilemma. 'Captain Brassbound' satirises, not law and punishment, but the private vendetta—a theme of slight sociological importance in modern Europe. The play would be morally superior if the subject were not Captain Brassbound's conversion but Judge Hallam's. And Brassbound's change of heart is really too rapid, except on the supposition that Lady Cicely's feminine attractions played a part in it.

Burlesque of Heroism

'Arms and the Man' suggests thoughts of the same kind as 'Captain Brassbound'. It is significant that this—Shaw's single satire on modern warfare—should be his nearest approach to a popular drawing-room comedy. The fact is that war was too grim and serious a theme for Shaw's handling, which is the reason why he has little to say to the younger generation, for whom war is a bigger fact than evolution. In 'Arms and the Man' Shaw in fact burlesques not war but heroism, as in 'Brassbound' he burlesques not law but revenge—both of them typical Gilbertian themes, especially when the scenes are laid in Bulgaria and Morocco.

However, I come to bury Shaw and not to attack him; to try to 'debunk' G.B.S. would seem indeed like a parricide, for it was he who taught us the habit of criticising our elders—largely a healthy one when he started it, though Confucius would scarcely have approved. Again and again I return to him for the sober tang of reality, as a dog will set to and make a medicinal meal off grass. He provides, it is true, no cakes and ale, but he offers us good wholemeal bread, and a milk which is really that of kindness, or at least of humanity. He is unfailingly genial without being sentimental, continually critical without being acidulated; we are never for a moment made to suffer, as we are by other men of genius, either from a fit of petulant spite or from an indecent assault on our emotions. He rescues us from the two extremes of cynicism and poeticism, in which the pure aesthete and the cloistered intellectual are always getting themselves bogged. His works are not quite art or philosophy, but they are conversation, and the best the world has to give; we go to them not to be inspired, moved or carried away, but to be stimulated and interested. It will not do to say, as many do, 'I enjoy Shaw's wit, but I am bored by his ideas'; for this is the same critical fallacy that Shaw himself fell into, when he used to say 'I admire Shakespeare's music but I despise his intellect'. One cannot separate matter and manner in any such absolute fashion. If he was not, in the traditional sense, a dramatist, he created a genre of his own—the dialectical extravaganza, the very 'feast of reason', which, with the addition of new elements from the unconscious, one can imagine as the drama of the future.—*Third Programme*

R. O. Dunlop, R.A., has written a book on *Painting for Pleasure: A Student Painter's Notebook* (Phoenix House, 8s. 6d.). Its object is to give instruction out of his experience to the doubtful tyro, and though the author has his idiosyncrasies he does so better than most. It contains four coloured and twenty-eight monochrome illustrations.

Abstract Painting in England

By BASIL TAYLOR

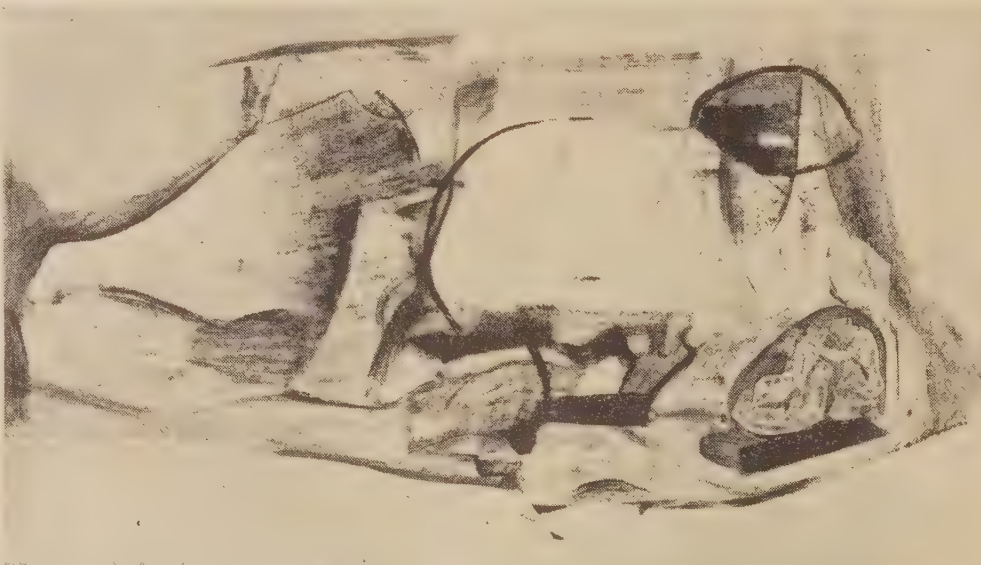
NEGLECTING questions of priority, one may say that the first abstract paintings were made in 1910—by Kandinsky, Kupka, Picabia. Thirty years later hardly half-a-dozen painters in England were exhibiting abstract work, although the Vorticists in 1912-14 produced many pictures which have been unduly neglected by such continental critics and historians as have studied the early years of the movement. It is also worth remembering that Kandinsky's essay 'Ueber das Geistige in der Kunst' was first translated into English, by Sir Michael Sadler, in 1914, and that Mr. Horace Shipp's *The New Art*, in part a study of the forgotten Vorticist sculptor, Lawrence Atkinson, provided as faithful and fervid a defence of abstract art as anyone could require, then or since. Now, at the galleries of Gimpel Fils, there is the work of fifty abstract painters (as well as a dozen sculptors), proof of a movement more considerable than most would have suspected, if not as strong as that in Paris,

where it can claim a bi-monthly, *L'Art d'Aujourd'hui*, and a place in every kind of politics. In its forty years abstract art has been not one but many things—a Kandinsky is at least as different from a Mondrian as a Van Gogh is from a Cézanne, and one of the interesting aspects of this excellent exhibition is to show the kind of painting to which English artists are being drawn. Not, significantly and, I believe, fortunately, to Mondrian. Thinking of English painting over two centuries and of our local preference for an art founded upon intuition and individualism, rather than upon mensuration and objectivity, one is not surprised that none of these painters has accepted the Trappist austerity of Mondrian. Surprising, indeed, if they adopted an art of calculated purity and equilibrium, of right angles and little but the primary colours. Even the most logical work of Ben Nicholson—No. 49 in this show, for example—seems almost self-indulgent beside Mondrian's eternal rectangles. It is surprising, therefore, to find that Kandinsky's art, where the association is with music rather than with mathematics, where the emphasis is upon emotion rather than upon reason, where the psychological influence of colour, shape and movement are employed to express the artist's individuality, should be a more powerful stimulus. If Kandinsky is one source, remote in some cases, Klee is another, the Klee who made his abstract forms operate as suggestively, as ambiguously as any of his figures, animals or plants. Indeed, the most striking impression arising from this show is of the dominance of intuition rather than of reason, of individual taste rather than any restrictive theory—so that Ben Nicholson, at least as he is represented here, seems a stranger in the company.

Take the case of Victor Pasmore, whose movement from Euston Road realism to abstraction has had such a decisive influence. In a recent broadcast he spoke of composing as music is composed, of his readiness to admit 'naturalistic associations' as they may happen to

arise and of his habit of consciously employing some of the basic patterns assumed by nature—the patterns exposed in the current exhibition at the Institute of Contemporary Arts. In his picture (No. 51) an accumulation of spirals breaks into it like agitated waters encroaching upon a shore and, behind, an arrangement of dark rectangles, one of them a newspaper cutting, evokes a landscape. The forms are not drawn from the surface of nature and are not in themselves individually powerful or suggestive—a habitual weakness of this painter—but they combine into a world of forms in which the imagination may operate beyond the limits of design. Among other works in this exhibition which seem to grow out of the same intention and method I would choose particularly paintings by Hugh MacKinnon, Peter Kinley, and William Turnbull.

If such artists as these allow 'naturalistic associations' to invade and individualise their constructions, there is evidence here of a different process—and one to be found in abstract painting from the



'Carthew', by Peter Lanyon: from the exhibition of British Abstract Art at Gimpel Fils

beginning—e.g. in the earliest abstractions of Mondrian.

Such painters as William Gear, Peter Lanyon, W. Barns-Graham work from the appearance of things seen or conceived towards a presentation of their theme in abstract terms. Whereas the Cubist analysis of nature was purely visual, these pictures offer an interpretation beyond the limit of appearances. Gear's plain, uncomplicated painting, of which there are two fine examples here, seems to convey above all the brightness and vitality of nature as expressed in the elements of light, colour and motion. His pictures with their vigorous calligraphy and fastidious paint remind one of Delaunay's 'Fenêtres' of 1912 and ultimately of the impressionism of Monet. Lanyon and Barns-Graham, on the other hand, derive from a more specifically English sense of place and circumstance, their forms and their colour being a distillation of that Cornish landscape in which they have worked. Altogether, the best paintings in this exhibition seem to unite with other tendencies in British painting to a degree one could hardly have foreseen.

The addition of Shelley to the Nonesuch Library is welcome, for no compendious, well-printed edition of this major poet has hitherto been available. There is no need to praise the format and typography of the volume—*Shelley. Selected Poetry, Prose and Letters*, edited by A. S. B. Glover (Nonesuch Press, 22s. 6d.)—in every respect they come up to the standard previously set by the series. Mr. Glover has, of course, had difficulties in compressing the material into the space of 1,142 pages. Of the omissions, the most to be regretted is 'The Daemon of the World', which has considerable interest in showing the poet's rehandling, after an interval of three years, of the first two sections of 'Queen Mab'. 'Prince Athanasia', also omitted, has considerable biographical significance, and 'Ginevra' is a poem of some beauty. The notes are excellently done, and adequate for any general study of the poet's work.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

A Dragon Apparent

By Norman Lewis. Cape. 15s.

THIS IS A SPLENDID TRAVEL BOOK about the country and people of Indo-China. It is particularly good because the author is neither an axe-grinding politician nor a journalist, but a man with a trained, unbiased mind and a most observant eye who has already made his name as a novelist. Also, he is an expert photographer, and the examples of his work with which the book is illustrated add greatly to its value.

Curiosity took Mr. Lewis to Indo-China. He first became attracted by the accounts of early travellers, but the final stimulation to go there came from the fear that it may not much longer be possible to enjoy the experiences of Far Eastern travel. When he arrived in Saigon in 1950, civil war had been going on for several years and it was already difficult to get about (as it still is) except by air. It is greatly to his credit that he was deterred by neither the considerable dangers nor the difficulties of present-day land travel in Indo-China, and some of the best descriptive writing in this book is the direct outcome of breakdowns, with their resultant enforced waits in unexpected places. It was in this way that he was enabled to see, for instance, something of the conditions in which labour is forced to work on the rubber plantations. It seems that the local French administrators are rightly opposed to the present press-gang methods, but they are not supported by the Deputies in Saigon, with the result that in many places the combination of military service and labour in the plantations has practically brought normal village life to a standstill. 'Thus', notes Mr. Lewis, 'assuming that it was in France's interest to keep its hold in Indo-China, were the nation's interests sacrificed to the short-term ambitions of a small, powerful group of its citizens'.

Although Mr. Lewis visited Dalat ('It looked like a drab little resort in Haute-Savoie, developed by someone who had spent a few years as vice-consul in Shanghai'), he did not then seek an interview with the Emperor Bao Dai. This is a pity, since an evening spent at the Royal Hunting Lodge, with its music and soft lights, its exquisite French food and general Riviera *ambiance*, does much to explain why the Vietnamese have no great fondness for their ruler.

In normal conditions of peace it would be easy to criticise the French for failing to implement their promises to the Vietnamese. But they cannot, in the present state of the Far East, hand the country over since the Vietnamese are not yet capable of protecting themselves, and the enemy is squatting on their doorstep. It is a problem of which the more one thinks the less does one see a solution of any kind. Nevertheless, what happens in Indo-China during the next few months is likely to have far-reaching repercussions all over South East Asia. *A Dragon Apparent* does not deal specifically with the political and military situations there, but it illuminates them both, and its publication at this particular time could hardly be more apposite.

Paterson on Prisons

Being the collected papers of

Sir Alexander Paterson

Edited by S. K. Ruck. Muller. 15s.

Sir Alexander Paterson, so much better known to a multitude of friends and disciples as Alec Paterson, could always command a terse and shapely style, illuminated by flashes of epigram

and analogy, wittily to the point: 'The claim that the only way to deal with crime is to "stamp it out" contains a great danger, for the measures so taken may only in the end have served to "stamp it in"'. 'The training of the delinquent is a task of the greatest difficulty, and cannot be done cheaply. To adjust the perspective of the individual is a costlier task than to reduce a crowd to uniformity for an optician is more expensive than a barber'—or (writing of a foreign institution) 'All the negative gods are duly worshipped. There is no contamination, no dirt, no disorder. Officers are not assaulted; windows and plates are not broken'. Paterson's penal gospel could not be better expressed than in such words as these.

The matter of the book is of less even excellence than its style. It varies from platitude to inspired common-sense. It contains some views, notably about capital and corporal punishment, which will be accepted as prejudices or principles according to the principles or prejudices of the reader. It is perhaps a tribute to the extent to which Paterson impressed his personality on the Borstal Institutions to say that much in these papers may appear, in dealing with them, to be a restatement of well-accepted maxims. When the author writes of prisons the gap between theory and practice becomes sometimes painful. 'The men must be kept alive, mentally and spiritually . . . must work harder and live more simply than the roughest labourer who enjoys his freedom'. 'Modern prisons, where the educational outweighs the repressive side of the sentence'—it is a small minority of prisoners who serve their time under such conditions as these phrases adumbrate. So this book, which may be regarded as a classic on Borstal training, may also act as a blue-print for future reforms in our prison system.

The Parliament of France

By D. W. S. Lidderdale.

Hansard Society. 18s.

Few people are aware that what are sometimes termed 'mere matters of procedure' have a great importance not only in determining the patterns of a country's political constitution, but also in developing the whole character of its government. When they read that yet another French ministry has fallen, they regard it as only another tittle of evidence of the moral instability of our neighbours. The Hansard Society is therefore to be congratulated on the publication of Mr. Lidderdale's valuable outline of the management of the French Parliament, which is as illuminating as Sir Gilbert Campion's *Guide to the Procedure of the House of Commons*. The growth of the French parliamentary system from the States-General of May, 1789 up to the founding of the Fourth Republic shows that in spite of successive revolutions, the contemporary organisation, while attempting in the Constitutional Act of October, 1946, to eliminate the weaknesses of the past, has maintained to a great degree the traditions of French Parliamentary procedure.

There are here many matters of considerable interest to students of government. Perhaps the most important of these is the fact that the French deputy, although the *mandat impératif* has been expressly forbidden since 1789—the deputy, as Clemenceau said, is the representative of the nation from the hour he takes his seat—nevertheless does in fact regard himself as the servant of his constituent and is fierce in his defence against the executive. It might be argued

that this link between deputy and voter is one of the factors which have prevented the building up of a strong executive and the emergence of a cabinet's staunchest bulwark, a disciplined party system. Indeed it might be said that the democratic spirit is stronger in France than in England, where the Prime Minister has become almost 'an arbitrary prince'. Another interesting point is that 'pairing' before a debate is considered an illogical and even slightly dubious practice (for how can one decide without hearing the arguments?), while on the other hand, voting by proxy is thought quite legitimate.

On one or two points, further enlightenment would be welcome when a second edition of this admirable book appears. What, for one, is the role of the Conseil d'Etat in its judicial capacity in relation to legislation? Another is a fuller consideration of the Permanent Committees as rival powers to ministries; for it was these committees with their greater permanency than that of Cabinets which did so much to stultify policy between the wars, and indeed seem to be acting in the same way today. We know far too little of the transformation of institutions into vested interests: their power lies in the shadow, but their intervention is sometimes decisive. Mr. Lidderdale is to be thanked for this lucid and penetrating contribution to the study of politics.

Ex-Italian Somaliland. By E. Sylvia

Pankhurst. Watts. 12s. 6d.

The authoress of this book is one whose views on any subject would, it is certain, be expressed with great vigour and sincerity; she has in her time rallied to, or led, a number of good causes, and is well known as a political and social worker. Her interest in Ethiopia has been established by a number of publications, and that interest extends to adjacent countries. The virtues of the book now under review are that it represents, evidently, an honest effort and a considerable labour; it is written with conviction—or indeed with passion. The study of the documents upon which it is based must have been laborious, and the good intentions of the authoress are evident.

This having been said, the reader is forced to the conclusion that there is little else which he can urge in commendation of Miss Pankhurst's work. It shows no first-hand knowledge of the country or the people with whom it purports to deal. The present reviewer is unaware whether Miss Pankhurst has visited Somalia or not; but as she based much argument upon a few days' visit paid to Eritrea, and is silent upon any similar trip to Somalia, one may suppose that she has not been there. The book in any case gives no authentic atmosphere of the place. It marshals a minimum of facts regarding the territory—its climate, surface, resources and way of life—and these almost entirely derived from the easily accessible works of others. She has no satisfactory account of the Somali language and dialects, the inter-relations of the tribe groups, the local brand of Islam, or the unusual and strongly marked Somali character. Indeed her picture of an aspiring, culture-hungry, progressive Somali patriot class (cruelly separated, of course, from their true motherland, Ethiopia!) is very far removed indeed from that familiar to those who have lived in the country.

Miss Pankhurst seems to have studied only a part of the available literature on the territory: that is, those parts and extracts which suit her main theme, which is the villainy of the Italian administration and the innumerable treacheries

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and cruelties by which, she states, it was accompanied and maintained. She uses freely a British wartime propaganda publication (Gandardower's *First to be Freed*) and her own almost inconceivably partisan publication *The New Times and Ethiopian News*. The reader is regaled, in addition, with various letters of unknown authenticity. Miss Pankhurst's book is unmarked by such literary graces as might render it attractive; it maintains no proportion and no logical or effective order in handling its subject-matter. The narrative jumps from period to period and subject to subject and back again, selecting 'facts', episodes, and insinuations which suit her theme, accompanied always by the more than generous use of opprobrious adjectives directed against every Italian activity and enterprise.

The present reviewer is all too well aware of the defects of Italian Colonial administration. They were serious. Policy was often shortsighted and selfish, the colour-bar over-emphasised, the interest of native peoples subordinated to those of Italy; and sad cases of actual brutality were far too common. Nevertheless, Italian administration was not without its merits; it had to its credit remarkable achievements in the purely material sphere, it produced public services far superior to anything previously known in the territories, many interesting scientific studies, admirable mapping, road-making, medical and linguistic research. In the early pioneering days, moreover, exploration of real originality and personal gallantry was carried out.

But Miss Pankhurst has no wish to adduce any but the more odious aspects of Italian rule, no capacity for sifting the truth in its entirety or giving the reader a just and balanced picture. In spite, therefore, of her lavish use of headlines, heavy black type and italics, many readers will tire long before the end of this much too lengthy disquisition and realise that they are confronted not with an informative or helpful picture of Italian-Somaliland, but with violent and unconvincing propaganda. This is perhaps fortunate, since a result of the book might well be to encourage the inflammable Somalis to resist the newly-installed Government of their territory, which, by U.N. decision, is that of an Italian Trusteeship for ten years: one would hesitate, therefore, to wish too much success for literary efforts calculated to increase antipathy and lead, it may be, to bloodshed. Miss Pankhurst's ever-recurring proposition that Somalia is, or ought to be, part of Greater Ethiopia—and that the Somalis long for inclusion in that Empire—is, according to the overwhelming weight of reliable authority, inconsistent with the facts of history, culture, religion and actual national sentiment.

Sophocles: *Oedipus Rex*. Translated by Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald. Faber. 9s. 6d.

Sophocles has been less fortunate in his critics and translators than in his editors, and it is only in recent years that his stature as a dramatist and his profound intuitive understanding of the springs of human action have come to be better appreciated. *Oedipus*, as Aristotle knew, is the archetype of the Greek tragic hero. Quick witted, a solver of riddles, and a man of action, he suffers a blindness of intellect and a paralysis of will because a part of him desires the fulfilment of the dreadful oracles concerning his destiny even more strongly than the rest of him rebels against his fate. The '*Oedipus Rex*' sets the pattern of Greek tragedy no less than does '*Hamlet*' of English tragedy.

Mr. Fitts and Mr. Fitzgerald are well known for their acting verse translations of Euripides' '*Alcestis*' and Sophocles' '*Antigone*'. Their

dialogue, owing much to Mr. Eliot, rhythmically loose knit, yet taut and incisive, has always been admirable. In the present version of '*Oedipus Rex*' their style has matured and their emotional range deepened, especially in the lyrics. They are now able to tackle even the most difficult technical problem, such as the second choral ode, with assurance and a high degree of success. And they contrive to keep remarkably close to the Greek original. This is much the most accomplished English version of the '*Oedipus Rex*' and the play is intensely exciting and moving throughout. It should be put on the stage and on the air at the earliest opportunity.

Cambridgeshire

By E. A. R. Ennion. Hale. 15s.

Dr. Ennion's new addition to The County Books Series covers Cambridgeshire, Huntingdonshire and the Isle of Ely. His intention, advertised and fulfilled, is to present matter of interest to the countryman and the naturalist rather than to the antiquarian or the historian; but Dr. Ennion has a ready eye and an exuberant pen for colourful associations, so that those many, who consider Cambridgeshire to be as drab and featureless as the character of Trollope's Mr. Grey who lived there, may find matter for a revision of judgement.

Such matter will be found especially in Dr. Ennion's opening section on geological formation and early historical development. The history of the Icknield Way, up which came force after predatory force of the invaders, cattle-thieves, and freebooters of the South; the story of the dykes which were built to resist them; the sea-borne incursions of the fair-haired peoples of Scandinavia; the introduction of the Pax Romana (a peace that was with difficulty maintained at such a distance from the Eternal City) and the melancholy withdrawal of its representatives—while telling of all these Dr. Ennion speaks with the voice of Romance, a voice interrupted only on occasion by the instructional manner of Henty.

But when we turn to the second and far longer section, which deals with the same terrain as it is today, the pace inevitably slackens. Admittedly it is in this section that all historical associations of after the Conquest are discussed, so that the gigantic figures of Hereward, Cromwell and the Earl of Bedford are there to make their bows, as well as a shadowy but impressive retinue of Abbots, Squires and Lordlings; but, as has been remarked, this is a countryman's book, and it is with a countryman's persistence that we are led through village after village of appalling sameness, past farm after farm of frankly negligible variety. Still, it is Dr. Ennion's job to make this pilgrimage, and he does so in a scrupulous and scholarly fashion. What is more, he gives delight both to the eye and the ear whenever he pauses to examine a well-chosen detail of natural history, to catch an elusive moth by a fen-pool or pick some fairyland herb with occult properties and a long and lovely Latin name. He has a knack, too, of spotting rare and succulent quotations from the local chronicles: the monks of Ely, we learn, were never without their Friday fish, there being abundance of 'large water-wolves, with pickerels, perches, roaches, turbot and lampreys, which we call water-snakes . . . together with the royal fish, the sturgeon'.

With all his care, never does Dr. Ennion allow the objectivity of the scholar to eclipse his own personality. His enthusiasm for progress is well tempered by his sympathies as a sportsman; and he treats the encroachments of mechanised science with a disdain and independence that make congenial reading. But yet again he is no backwoodsman; when he comes to a town he evinces neither the cloddishness of the yokel nor

the bigotry of the planner, but displays instead just a touch of the poet's intuition. Thus it is that he savours the rackets vigour of Newmarket or the fortress-gloom that still lingers over Huntingdon. In the case of the University and City of Cambridge itself, undergraduate memories make for an exhibition of cliché, facetious and sentimental by turn, that would have been well omitted; but this, after all, is a book on the county—the university has its place of pride elsewhere in literature.

In its kind this book has few faults save that of too often resembling the guide-book it sets out not to be. By and large one may accompany Dr. Ennion with pleasure through Fen, Forest and Field, with particular pleasure down the River Valleys; and the excellent photographs by Mr. Staniland Pugh are representative without being commonplace.

The Life and Death of Chopin

By Casimir Wierzynski. Cassells. 21s.

The title of this book at once arouses speculation: a biography or a novel? Is it to be the full-length and scrupulously accurate account of Chopin's life which has been lacking for so long, or are we to be presented with another of those deplorable 'Chopin Novels' which appear from time to time and often prepare the way for worse to come—films like the all-too-successful 'Song to Remember'? Mr. Wierzynski's book is in fact neither. It is the work of a writer who is primarily a poet, who loves Chopin and has sought to recreate the atmosphere of a period rather than to confine himself to proven facts. He has read widely—there is little evidence of much personal research—but has not always succeeded in assimilating and co-ordinating his bulky material; above all he has not been severe enough in criticising his sources. As a result, the Chopin student will not turn to this book for all the ascertainable details of the composer's life, for there is scarcely anything here that he did not know, while the latest results of research are often ignored, but the general reader will find much to reward him—a warm-hearted and colourful account, in which some time honoured legends find their place.

The earlier chapters on life in Poland during the post-Napoleonic period make interesting reading, and it is here, when he is giving rein to his imagination, that the author is at his best. A characteristic triumph of imagination over fact may be pointed out. Speaking enthusiastically of Chopin's father, Mr. Wierzynski tells us:

Instead of going to France, he threw in his lot with Poland. He stood in the line at the enlistment bureau and left it as a soldier of the insurrection.

Very fine. But what are the facts? In a letter to his family which our author prefers to ignore, the young man admits that he is keeping away from France to avoid being enlisted at all!

The outstanding novelty in the book is, as it was bound to be, the appearance in a biography, as part of the basic material, of the 'letters' of Chopin to Countess Delphine Potocka. Mr. Wierzynski accepts them as genuine, or at any rate, to use his own words, 'presents at their face value the fragments to which he has had access'. Not everyone will follow him here. Not those who have in their minds the picture of Chopin built up from the evidence of a score of his contemporaries, Heine, Delacroix, George Sand, Liszt, Jane Stirling and so many others, and confirmed by his three-hundred openly published letters. Least of all those who are acquainted with this 'correspondence' in all its details, know something of its history, and are aware of the depths to which, if genuine, it sinks Chopin both as a man and a musician. It



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is a great pity that Mr. Wierzynski has launched his new study of Chopin on these dark and treacherous waters. How much better if the author had given us, as he might have done, the last letters exchanged between Chopin and George Sand in 1847.

Of Chopin's music he says next to nothing, and this he is entitled to do since he is writing a life only. But the dates and circumstances of the composition of Chopin's works are surely a part of biography and here Mr. Wierzynski is unaccountably careless and indifferent. In view,

then, of the scale on which it was conceived and the aims its author set himself, this book must expect to be judged severely, but to the general reader it offers a detailed, and for the most part accurate, recital of the events of Chopin's brief yet richly filled career.

Mr. Churchill's Fourth Volume

The Second World War, Volume IV: The Hinge of Fate. By Winston S. Churchill. Cassells. 25s.

THE FOURTH VOLUME of Mr. Churchill's story of the War stretches from January 1942 to the beginning of June 1943—from the loss of Singapore to the ejection of the enemy from Africa and the preparation of the cross-sea attack on Italy. In this volume he has to deal with a multiplicity of events and discussions, most of which had an important bearing on the issue, but only a few of which were as dramatic as earlier events. Allowing for the handicap imposed by such an accumulation of matter, anyone who has had the experience of writing history will admire Mr. Churchill's achievement in sustaining the interest of his account as well as he does.

On some important episodes, however, the student of history would like more complete information than he is given. In the first part of the period, when we suffered grave reverses, Mr. Churchill exposes very plainly the mistakes that were made by the commanders on the spot. But in the later part, when he is dealing with the turn of the tide, he seems reticent about missed opportunities, even those that have been much debated. That may come from an underlying desire not to diminish the impressiveness of the black-and-white contrast between the earlier and later periods.

He owed much, as he recognises, to the remarkable fidelity of the British people to anyone who has once gained their confidence. Referring to the situation at the end of August, 1942, he aptly epitomises the balance-sheet at that date:

I had now been twenty-eight months at the head of affairs, during which we had sustained an almost unbroken series of military defeats. . . . The fiasco of Dakar, the loss of all our Desert conquests from the Italians, the tragedy of Greece, the loss of Crete, the unrelieved reverses of the Japanese war, the loss of Hong Kong, the over-running of the A.B.D.A. Command and all its territories, the catastrophe of Singapore, the Japanese conquest of Burma, Auchinleck's defeat in the Desert, the surrender of Tobruk, the failure, as it was judged, at Dieppe—all these were galling links in a chain of misfortune and frustration to which no parallel could be found in our history. . . . Was it strange that the whole character and system of the war direction, for which I was responsible, should have been brought into question and challenge?

It is indeed remarkable that I was not in this bleak lull dismissed from power, or confronted with demands for changes in my methods, which it was known I should never accept. I should then have vanished from the scene with a load of calamity on my shoulders, and the harvest, at last to be reaped, would have been ascribed to my belated disappearance. For indeed the whole aspect of the war was about to be transformed. Henceforward increasing success, marred hardly by a mishap, was to be our lot. . . . I was not denied the right to share in this new phase of the war because of the unity and strength of the War Cabinet, the confidence which I preserved of my political and professional colleagues, the steadfast loyalty of Parliament, and the persisting goodwill of the nation. All this shows how much luck there is in human affairs. . . .

Since he is evidently aware how lucky he was, it is curious that he shows himself, still, so intolerant of his critics—who, by his own admission, had much cause for questioning his conduct of the war: It is surprising, too, that he fails to emphasise how much the earlier commanders in

the field, such as Wavell and Auchinleck, were handicapped by lacking the plenitude of equipment which smoothed the path of their successors. As he sacked these commanders, it would have been fitting to do them more justice in retrospect, and to recognise their ill luck compared with his good luck.

Mr. Churchill does not adequately explain his decision to remove Auchinleck in August, a month after Auchinleck, taking personal charge of the Eighth Army, had retrieved the June disaster and checked Rommel at Alamein. Despite his recognition that Auchinleck had saved the situation, Mr. Churchill seems to have flown out to Cairo with his mind bent on making a change in the command. The main clue, besides General Smuts' influence, would seem to lie in Auchinleck's insistence on waiting until mid-September, to gather strength, before taking the offensive again. That was contrary to Mr. Churchill's desire. Yet in the outcome the new commanders, Alexander and Montgomery, insisted on waiting until late in October—and they got their way.

Here, as often before, Mr. Churchill pressed for the launching of a blow before conditions were ripe and forces ready. In this case his impatience was the more understandable because of the shakiness of his own position before victory at Alamein revived public confidence. He relates that Sir Stafford Cripps, then the Leader of the House of Commons, warned him of the growing dissatisfaction and urged him to form a new War Planning Directorate. As Churchill would not agree, Cripps said that he could not continue in the War Cabinet. That would have caused a crisis, and might have led to Churchill's fall. But at his behest, Cripps agreed to withhold his resignation until after the Alamein offensive—'patriotism ruled his conduct'. Victory there re-consolidated Churchill's position, and he took the resignation that Cripps had tendered.

It is amusing to see how quick Churchill was to react against any reorganisation that would lighten his burden but limit his personal role. He does not hide the enjoyment and excitement he got from handling the reins, and how 'exhilarating' it was, when he flew to Cairo, to be the 'man on the spot'—as if he was a small boy and the war a great game produced for his benefit.

Yet his account leaves the analytical reader with the impression that his actual influence was much less than is commonly supposed. It is astonishing to find how often he failed to get his views accepted by the Chiefs of Staff, even when his views were most clearly right. Moreover, his account reveals a hesitation to insist on what he considered right, and a deference to officialdom, that run contrary to the popular picture of his dominating personality. Thus:

I see nothing in these reports (of the Medical Board report on General Hobart) which would justify removing this officer from the command of his division on its proceeding on active service.

General Hobart bears a very high reputation, not only in the Service, but in wide circles outside. He is a man of quite exceptional mental attainments, with great strength of character, and although he does not work easily with others it is a great pity we have not more of his like in the Service. I have been shocked at the persecution to which he has been subjected.

I am quite sure that if, when I had him transferred from a corporal in the Home Guard to the command of one of the new armoured divisions, I had instead insisted upon his controlling the whole of the tank developments, with a seat on the Army Council, many of the grievous errors from which we have suffered would not have been committed. The High Commands of the Army are not a club.

These were fine words. Nevertheless Hobart was removed from command of that division, the 11th—which proved the best-trained of all in Normandy. At no time in the war did Churchill insist that any of the experts in mobile armoured warfare should be given a chance in high command or in the higher direction of the Army. The absence of such knowledge accounted for many 'grievous errors'.

Incidentally, Churchill himself showed extraordinary ignorance when he told the House of Commons in 1942 that 'the use of armoured forces as they are now being used was largely French', and copied by the Germans from de Gaulle's ideas. He ought to have known better. Since General Guderian, the creator of the German armoured forces, has often stated that he followed British ideas, and learned nothing from de Gaulle's much later writings, it is stranger still that Churchill should reprint his 1942 error without correction.

Where Churchill deserves the greatest credit is for fostering Roosevelt's inclination to land in French North-West Africa, and securing that landings should be made inside the Mediterranean, instead of merely on the remote western coast near Casablanca. He held Roosevelt to this purpose, despite the doubts of the U.S. Chiefs of Staff. But the chance of quickly capturing Bizerta and Tunis, the keys of the position, was lost because of a surrender to timidity about landing nearer there and because the overland advance from Algiers was not put in charge of any soldier versed in mobile warfare.

Wider issues are raised by Churchill's story of the Casablanca Conference and the adoption of the 'unconditional surrender' formula. His principal defence of that war-prolonging policy is that the proposed conditions of peace with Germany that were contemplated

would have been far more repulsive to any German peace movement. . . . I remember several attempts being made to draft conditions which would satisfy the wrath of the conquerors against Germany. They looked so terrible when set forth on paper, and so far exceeded what was in fact done, that their publication would only have stimulated German resistance.

All this has an ironical reflection on the changed trend of policy, particularly American policy, today. It is appalling to see how foolish and shortsighted were the statesmen in whose hands lay the fate of the world. A readiness to make peace with Germany on moderate conditions would have shortened the war and its devastation. It could hardly have been so hazardous as the pursuit of an 'unconditional' victory. For this was bound to leave England, and Western Europe, in utter dependence on America and confronted with Communist domination of the larger part of Europe and Asia.

B. H. LIDDELL HART

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent critics

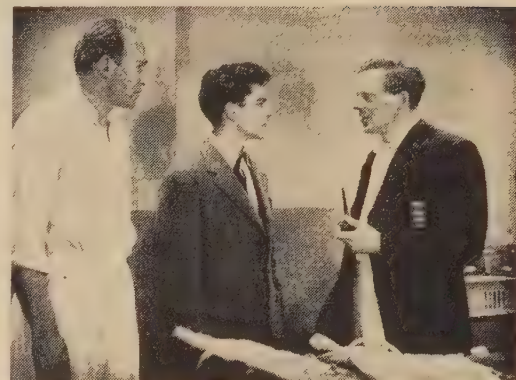
TELEVISION DRAMA*

Was It Cricket?

FOR ALL THE GRACES and gallantries of the Women's Test Matches, cricket strikes no responsive chord in the average female heart. Terence Rattigan, greatly daring, flouted the sentiment of a large part of his potential audience by looking to *Wisden* to provide him with inspiration for his Festival television play, 'The Final Test'. It is a kind of rashness one can admire, for it mocked at a wide ranging prejudice. There is no women's magazine editor who would buy a cricket serial, no film producer who could expose his gold fillings in delight at the prospect of presenting his reigning star in a cricket story, no publisher who would hold out his hands trembling with eagerness to receive a cricket manuscript, no impresario of the stage who would see encouragement to risk his cash in a reminder of the genial reception given to R. C. Sherriff's cricket comedy, 'Badger's Green'.

A playwright with his wits always about him, Rattigan attempted the inadvisable and succeeded in what is thus seen to be a considerable and even brilliant piece of cheek. It gave us a couple of hours' entertainment rated in one temporarily expanded viewing circle from the not-so-bad to the jolly-good. Unless this playwright is greedy for the more ponderous forms of appreciation, he should take it as a compliment. It reflects the approval of a number of younger-generation intelligences not beguiled by everything offered to us in the name of television drama.

The difficulty for the presiding intelligence in this particular viewing sector is that it was beset by the question: When will Mr. Rattigan achieve maturity as a dramatist? There were matters in this television play that uncomfortably reinforced the suspicion, roused in other plays by him, that here is another of the incorrigibly undergraduate minds to which this country grants so handsome a tolerance. Consider, in parenthesis, its dominance of our humorous journalism, to proceed no further with citations of its influence. The British diplomat in 'The Final Test', conferring with a foreign ambassador and reversing an opinion on word being brought to him of the early dismissal of a Test Match favourite; the



'The Final Test', by Terence Rattigan: Patrick Barr as Sam Palmer, Ray Jackson as Reggie, and Harold Siddons as Bill Jarvis



Opera at Glyndebourne: 'Cosi fan Tutte', televised on July 23



Scene from Shaw's 'The Doctor's Dilemma', performances of which were given in the television programmes on July 22 and 26, with Rachel Gurney as Mrs. Dubedat, John Robinson as Sir Colenso Ridgeon, and David Markham as Louis Dubedat: the production was by Fred O'Donovan

two jungle gents drowning their cricket dismay in gin slings—the preposterousness of those scenes was not in their ineffectual satire but in the typically undergraduate conceit that facility is all. It infects more in television than Mr. Rattigan's play.

Mainly, 'The Final Test' achieved distinction by serving its medium with unusual competence and ingenuity, which is an invitation to the producer, Royston Morley, to take a curtain in step with the author. The employment of Brian Johnston, John Arlott, and Rex Alston as collaborators took some of the writing off Rattigan's hands but gave conviction to the recurring scoreboard shots. Patrick Barr was excellent as the ruminative Sam Palmer, retiring England hero. Denys

of E. G. Cousins' 'I Done a Murder', and the play took a little too long in establishing itself as a satirical comedy worthy of a less crude title. That it defeated one's doubts was almost entirely due to the beautifully modulated performance of Toke Townley as Alfred Hamble, the service flats' porter whose conscience enmeshes him in a welter of circumstance as perilous to others as to himself. His self-torture roused anger on top of pity and was the more impressive for it. Joan Duan, as his wife, had to blend sympathy with shrewdness and achieved the correct mixture. Though its philosophic intention never came to the surface, once the play had taken hold of one's attention it remained firmly in possession, continually quickening one's curiosity about the fate of poor little Hamble, blinking and twitching in his masochistic dilemma.

The other dilemma, the Shavian doctor's, can be rated a success for Television Drama, which gave us a brisk, almost dashing production by Fred O'Donovan. David Markham admirably caught the accents of Dubedat's latent spivvry

* Mr. Harold Hobson is on holiday and Mr. Pound writes this week on the past fortnight's plays

as also of his more obvious poetry, and Arthur Young brought vintage quality, year '06, to his part of Sir Ralph Bloomfield Bonington. The staccato professionalism of John Robinson as Sir Colenso Ridgeon was unfalteringly efficient. The National Health Service has not outmoded the intellectual friskiness of 'The Doctor's Dilemma', which no doubt stimulated the phagocytes of many in its great new audience.

Mozart from Glyndebourne was of necessity a new experience for most viewers and a few, it seems, decided that the experiment had better have waited until colour television could make a triumph of it. There were others for whom this monochrome preview was a simple uplifting pleasure. The choiceness which Glyndebourne distils was not wholly excluded from us: one could envy those who were able to enjoy this charming opera of the sentiments rather than the passions, 'Cosi fan Tutte', at first-hand.

'The Lady from Denmark' carried no conviction of historical veracity and it was fortunate in having the hallmark of Valerie White's personality to give it authenticity as an essay in drama.

REGINALD POUND

BROADCAST DRAMA

Speaking Likeness

IT SEEMS NOW A VERY LONG TIME since, a boy of four in a lonely village, I heard our little world ringing with the tale of Captain Scott and his men. News had just come from Antarctica: all about, on the Green, in Church Cove, on cliff-path and in cottage garden, we heard of Scott and Wilson, Bowers and Oates; names that one day would sound in imagination like the roll of Agincourt. That small community of fishermen and farmers was powerfully moved. Last week it was odd to listen to 'Wilson of the Antarctic' (Home Service) in the same village, not alarmingly changed, and to remember how Scott had been spoken of with awe around the lamp-lit table.

A radio feature, if it is properly selective and coherent, not just an affair of snip-and-shred, can be the perfect medium for a swift biography, a portrait-play. Although at first this tale of Edward Wilson, the doctor-naturalist who was Scott's friend and comrade, appeared to be prosaic, we sat on, safe in the certainty that it must reach a majestic climax. But well before then the portrait of Wilson had developed. Geoffrey Wincott's quiet speech and Charles Brewer's wise selection brought up the figure of an immortal—the last word Wilson himself would have dreamed of using. Once he had seen the Antarctic ice-cliffs on the earlier expedition, we were held. He wrote on that occasion: 'An eternal peace that can never be disturbed seemed to hang in the cold, clear air'. It was a foreknowledge of what must come: the tent and the cairn; a cross black against the sunset. Thenceforward the narrative did not slacken. Here was the man, knightly and eager, who 'lived three days to any other person's one'; the man who described the five weeks' winter journey in the depths of the polar night in search of Emperor Penguin eggs, as 'the weirdest birds-nesting expedition that has been or can be'; the man of whom Scott wrote at the last, 'His eyes have a comfortable blue look of hope'. Mr. Brewer and his producer, Edward Livesey, did not insist too much on the final scene: the more poignant for this reserve. It was an unpretentious programme, not invariably commanding—voices sometimes were too similar, early cutting was too abrupt—but I am likely to recall it when several more ambitious things have drifted into air, into thin air.

Already, and only a few hours afterwards, I am gleefully forgetting the first instalment of 'The Lives of Harry Lime' (Light). This was

another kind of biography, fictional-melodramatic. It presented—and no narrator can have used an epithet with less reason—'the immortal character originally created in "The Third Man"'. (We may smile at that 'immortal' five years from now.) Harry Lime, an American racketeer, is called 'the most-threatened man in Europe': in the first story we found him in Naples seeking someone's emerald locket. His other adventures in the hither-and-zither school may be more compelling. Our introduction to him which ended with a smash-and-grab in, of all places, the moonlit ruins of Pompeii—it could just as well have been a drizzle in the Caledonian Road—was abundantly, consistently dull. Orson Welles, as Lime, used throughout a loose, slurring monotone. A speaking likeness, maybe; but I found the portrait clouded.

One could not say that about the people of the 'Iphigenia in Aulis' of Euripides which Raymond Raikes produced in his new translation on the Third. Hermione Hannen—who also acted later in the second half of Iphigenia's biography, an older version—spoke always with unswerving truth. None would suggest that such players as Carleton Hobbs (Agamemnon), John Slater (Achilles), or Vivienne Chatterton, a freshly-treated Clytemnestra who seemed at her first entrance to fuse Euripides with Maugham, had not studied their characters to the last full-stop. And yet the play seldom stirred me. Possibly it was a too level translation; possibly the listener's lack of responsiveness. Whichever it was, while I could admire the way in which this speech was pointed, that inflexion judged, the piece remained—and unexpectedly—an exhibit behind glass. I was happier with Edward Wilson in the snows of the Antarctic than with these high alarms of Aulis.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Verbal Paint

IN 'A FAIR FIELD', an eloquent rhapsody on the South Bank Exhibition, Christopher Salmon remarked that to describe what one sees is very difficult. And so indeed it is. Yet undeterred by this warning a bevy of no less than nine B.B.C. commentators spent two hours of last week in describing, or trying to describe, what they saw on or beside the river: Thames. This represents a formidable output of talk—about 6,000 words of it, I reckon. Needless to say it was not concentrated into one programme; there were, in fact, three; an hour on Tuesday, a quarter of an hour on Wednesday and three quarters on Thursday. Let us consider two of them.

'A Trip on the River' was taken by Richard Dimbleby in the motor launch *Good Hope* from above Maidenhead to Windsor, during which he put us in rouch with seven commentators posted at various points of interest ashore and certain topical specimens, if I may call them so without offence, who had been roped in for the occasion. These last, invariable phenomena in programmes of this kind, call, I think, for more discreet treatment than they usually receive. They may take the shape, as occasion requires, of a farm-labourer, a local parson, a village schoolmistress, and so on. In the course of his patter the commentator mentions and introduces his foredoomed specimen and a brief and, as I often find, a highly embarrassing duet ensues in which to the commentator's bravura accompaniment the specimen performs a hesitant solo on the penny-whistle.

To take a single instance, Mr. Dimbleby's way with his specimens is that of a breezy but authoritative schoolmaster. With powerful heartiness he galvanises his victim into speech and then, as often as not, dismisses him abruptly as soon as he has found his tongue. At times, it is true, the specimen has expert and interesting

information to impart, but not seldom he does so with a pardonable nervousness which is painful to the sympathetic listener. The topical specimen, in short, except in the rare case when he is a trained or a born broadcaster, is only too apt to disperse the atmosphere which it is the object of these programmes to create. He should be chosen much more carefully, should be used much more sparingly and treated more tactfully.

Taking the programme as a whole, I must confess I found it too long. By the time we reached Windsor I was tired, very tired. But I was conscious, for much of the voyage, of a lazy enjoyment, for the truth is that although the impressions given by programmes of this type are necessarily vague and rudimentary, they stimulate memories of actual experiences of the same kind which, in proportion to the imagination of the listener, enrich and amplify the vaguely suggested scene. Like the chameleon he assumes, gradually and imperfectly, the colours suggested. Indeed the listener himself is one of the most important collaborators in these programmes.

When Wynford Vaughan Thomas discoursed on 'Old Father Thames' next evening he abandoned romantic impressionism for exact information and the change was welcome. He told of the Ivory Floor at St. Catherine's Docks, a fabulous store of elephants' tusks, of vast stocks of brandy patiently maturing under the affectionate eye of the Port of London Authority, of the Royal Victoria Docks where the sweepings from the tobacco stores—enough to make 150,000 cigarettes—are burnt in the huge incinerator known as the King's Pipe, and he introduced Robin Green, most expert of topical specimens, who fishes unbelievable treasures out of the Thames mud—Roman and Anglo-Saxon beads, coins, a Chaucerian lady's power locket. Mere facts, all of them, but sheer romance into the bargain.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

'Parsifal' Again

THE ONLY OUTSTANDING EVENT in a sultry week was yet another broadcast of 'Parsifal'. That it came from the theatre in Bayreuth, for which it was written, and that it opened (after a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony which was not broadcast) the first Festival in the Wagnerian shrine since the war, were its chief claims on our attention. As it happens, the last time I heard a performance in Bayreuth was at the first festival after the previous war. And it is, perhaps, worth remarking that this year's Festival opened in a more hastened spirit than that of 1924, when the whole audience rose to its feet at the opening performance of 'Die Meistersinger', where Sachs began his eulogy of German art and, more ominous still, by the roadside leading to the theatre there was a monument in which between the dates 1914 and 1918 was embedded a sword with the inscription:

Nothing! Nothing! neu und verjüngt
Jetzt leuchtest du trotzigt und hehr!

Beethoven's hymn to universal brotherhood and the semi-Buddhist mysticism of 'Parsifal' at least have no offence of that kind in them. What struck me even in this broadcast performance, as it struck me years ago in the Festspielhaus, was the marvellous accuracy with which Wagner calculated the effects that could be produced in that particular theatre. The score of 'Parsifal' was finished after the theatre was built and had been used for performances of 'The Ring'. Wagner perceived its acoustic potentialities and made use of them to the full. Nowhere else than in this 'wooden O'—and it is the wooden structure that gives it the rich resonance—do the choruses in the Grail Temple

and the music of the transformation-scenes take on such a glowing beauty of tone that the best in them sounds superb, and the worst, even that sanctimonious processional hymn of the knights, becomes almost tolerable. Therein lies the justification of Wagner's desire that 'Parsifal' should remain at Bayreuth for ever, and not in any special sanctity in the work.

The performance was marked by that spirit of reverence appropriate to the work and the occasion, and the audience attended in silence as in church, the composer no longer being there to clap and cry 'bravo' to the Flower-maidens, whose solos and chorus, by the way, seemed to be below the Bayreuth standard. The rest were well up to it. Herr Weber's noble Gurnemanz we know, and Martha Mödl's admirable Kundry

—more apt in vocal colour than Flagstad, even if at moments less tenderly beautiful—we have heard. The Parsifal of Wolfgang Windgassen was good in the traditional style and brought to his final passage a ringing tone. The surprise was the Amfortas, who was none other than the Figaro of last year's Edinburgh Festival. Meanwhile Mr. London must have worked hard, for now his fine voice is completely under control and he used it with an intelligent dramatic sense. I have not heard the part better sung.

And the orchestra—how lovely it sounded! How rich was the string tone! How accurate the wood-wind! And how noble the brass with its precise chording! This was something worth hearing for its own sake, even under a conductor who seemed more careful than inspiring, and

who never erred on the side of speed, so that the performance as a whole must surely have broken the record for length. But if it sometimes plodded, one had to stay the course, thankful for the long intervals, enthralled by the magic of the sound.

From the Proms I have managed to hear only Berlioz's Fantastic Symphony, in which the London Philharmonic Orchestra showed even to ears fresh from Bayreuth how well it can play, though there were many little blemishes. In the broadcast, at least, it seemed that Mr. Cameron was underlining points too much and he certainly speeded up the tempo, e.g., at the end of 'Le Bal', beyond the pace at which articulation can be clear.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

'Wozzeck' after Twenty-Five Years

By WILFRID MELLERS

Berg's opera will be relayed from Salzburg in the Third Programme at 7.0 p.m. on Thursday, August 16

IT is a commonplace that Wagner's 'Tristan' and 'Parsifal' represent the end of an epoch; and so they do, in that their extreme chromaticism disintegrates traditional tonality and traditional principles of form. As Wagner heroically attempted to substitute his own ego for what God and civilisation had meant in the past, so he increasingly tended to substitute the fluctuating tensions of only partially resolved dissonance for classical methods of symphonic development. Yet although Wagner's last works begin to destroy inherited notions of order, it is only in a limited sense that we can refer to them as decadent. Like all genuinely creative art, they are at once an end and a beginning. The cycle of life and death is unbroken; without decay there can be no rebirth. The only truly decadent works are those by-products of the end of an epoch in which the creative spark is extinct. For while there is life there is hope; and hope brings the maybe illusory gleam of a new world.

It is also a commonplace that Schönberg's early music was an extension of certain features of Wagner's last work. The acute unresolved chromaticism and the opulent orchestral colour intensify the individual's passion in rhetorical opposition to the world he inhabits. Then Schönberg's free atonal pieces carry the process a step further. If in 'Tristan' the passions of Richard Wagner begin to take the place that used to be occupied by such concepts as God and Civilisation, one might almost say that in Schönberg's piano pieces, Op. 19, as much is claimed for the quiverings of the artist's nerves. The concentrated beauty of this music is not in question; yet it was clear even to Schönberg that music could proceed no further up this ivory tower. There were two possible ways out. One was to ally music again with the stage, so that logical and dramatic continuity could be provided by the stage action, the psychological significance of this being underlined by the music's nervous commentary. The other was to find a new principle of musical form to take the place of that which Wagner's and Schönberg's chromaticism seemed to have discredited. The first of these alternatives was no more than a makeshift if it left the problem of musical form unsolved. We therefore find that the Schönbergians worked in both directions simultaneously. Berg's 'Wozzeck' is a case in point.

This opera, which was first produced in 1925, is based on a play by Georg Büchner, a writer of precocious genius who was born in 1813 and died in his twenty-third year. Büchner lived through an era of appalling political oppression. He was typical of his time in the

intensity of his response to suffering, not altogether typical in his unromantic acceptance of it; though by Berg's day pessimism had become an accredited romantic attitude. In 'Wozzeck' the dramatist creates a world obsessed by the terrors of neurosis. All the characters are abnormal if not lunatic—the megalomaniac doctor who regards human beings exclusively as subjects for clinical dissertation and who in Büchner's play though not in Berg's opera has the last word; the power-addict, the silly sinister drum-major; and Wozzeck himself, the eternal scapegoat. The story, presented in a number of scenic impressions rather than in consecutive narrative, tells how the wretched Wozzeck is goaded by his 'superiors' into murdering his unfaithful mistress who, slut though she may be, was his one hold on humanity. It is as gloom-crazed as any later product of German expressionism; yet though Büchner's world is decadent his play is not. Compassion, not hysteria, comes of the torment. Büchner was justified when he said 'I have always turned upon suffering down-trodden creatures more glances of compassion than I have expended bitter words on the cold hearts of those in authority'.

No theme could have been better suited to Berg's acutely sensitive, nervous temperament; and his music, like the theme of the play, is simultaneously decadent and revolutionary. In some respects Berg's method is Wagnerian, for it gives, with seismographic minuteness, a musical illustration of the drama. Each character has his motive, developed at once as psychological commentary and as part of the musical structure; some recurrent phrases—such as that which Wozzeck first sings to the words 'Wir arme Leut!'—have a kind of ideological significance comparable with Wagner's 'Ring' and 'sword' motives. Like Wagner, Berg concentrates the psychological drama in the elaborate orchestral part: the vocal lines have their origin in Wagnerian declamation but approximate much more closely to the speaking voice, or at least to the voices of speakers who are distraught. They range from passionate but brief lyrical outbursts to passages which, modelled on Schönberg's 'Pierrot Lunaire', are half spoken.

At the same time, however, as he pursues psychological realism Berg strives to impose on his material a purely musical shape. Thus the opening scene is in the form of a classical suite (prelude, pavane, gigue and gavotte with two 'doubles'); the scene in the doctor's study is a passacaglia; the opening of Act II is described as being in sonata form; while Act III takes the form of six inventions in different types of variation technique. Some of these forms are

perhaps valid only on paper. The classical suite and sonata for instance depend so much on a conception of tonality that is foreign to Berg that it is doubtful if they can have aural meaning. They may suggest to the composer phrase groupings, effects of balance and repetition, even, in the case of the sonata, transpositions of motives collateral to modulation; but the absence of a tonal centre and the non-metrical nature of the rhythm mean that the form, architecturally considered, is not normally perceptible to the listener. Essentially the organisation is linear not architectural, and is therefore not radically different from Berg's experiments towards a completely thematic technique by way of variation, passacaglia and fugue. The beginning of this linear approach to form is perhaps in the prelude to 'Tristan' and the 'Siegfried Idyll'. Its consummation is in the twelve-note technique as employed in Berg's later opera 'Lulu' in which the rows contain not only the basic motives associated with the characters, but the entire material of the opera; indeed the characters' themes may possibly have suggested the structure of the tone-row. As early as the transitional work 'Wozzeck', we can note how appropriate these linear methods of organisation are to Berg's conception of music drama—for instance the association of the doctor's *idée fixe* with the ostinato of the passacaglia.

Even in his later twelve-note music Berg tended to employ rows which made possible traditional tonal formulae within atonality; perhaps what strikes one most forcibly in considering 'Wozzeck' in retrospect is the flexibility of Berg's technique. There are many sections—such as the scarifying scene in the copse—that now seem to belong unambiguously to the ripely autumnal world of Strauss, though the highly charged emotion is expressed with an orchestral translucency more suggestive of Berg's revered master Mahler or, quite often, of Debussy. Yet 'Wozzeck' achieves consistency of style. 'Elektra'-like chromaticised diatonicism exists alongside extreme atonal passages without incongruity, just as the distorted, banal military music outside Marie's window is no more an anachronism in this fear-haunted world than is the almost diatonic lullaby she croons to her child. (Diatonicism is presumably considered appropriate to the infantile.) Such maturity of style is a triumph of the creative spirit; once again creativity renews decay. Though we do not know what will happen to him, the child at the close remains innocent in his play as the water engulfs his father. Similarly Berg's 'decadent' technique may hint at a world of pure chromaticism whose full potentialities await discovery.

Recipes for the Housewife

TWO EGGS IN FOUR LANGUAGES

I—Austria

IN MY COUNTRY, Austria, eggs have quite often been as difficult to get as they are in this country now. And I have been accustomed to make one egg go a very long way. To see one person eating a whole fried or boiled egg just breaks my heart.

My recipe for two eggs is a savoury. It is little fried dumplings in a kind of omelette—often eaten on the farms of the Tyrol and very popular all over Austria with mothers who have to make a little go a long way. It is called nockerln. The ingredients are:

- 2 eggs
- 1 tablespoon of margarine
- salt
- 8 tablespoons of flour
- water
- milk

Cream the margarine with a spoon, then add 1 egg and cream it again. Mix in a little salt, 8 tablespoons of flour and 3 or 4 tablespoons of water. Beat the whole mixture for 5-10 minutes, until the dough does not stick to the wooden spoon. It is really light then. Have ready a pan of water heated to boiling point. Drop the dough in small pieces into the boiling water. We used to have the dough on a wooden pastry board and cut off one little snippet after another with a knife: but you can also use a teaspoon. Boil the nockerln for 10-15 minutes. Strain and put under cold water. This is called 'shocking' or 'frightening' the nockerln.

Having frightened the nockerln I fry them; and while frying I pour over them a mixture of 1 egg and a little milk.

We eat this dish with a nice fresh salad—or with a gravy. It is not dainty but it is very tasty and filling.

MARGIT HAYEK

[*'Two Eggs' as dealt with in Norway, America and France, will appear in subsequent numbers of THE LISTENER*]

TWO CRAB SAVOURIES

Each of these recipes needs 2 teacups of crabmeat, which is two crabs (crabs at the moment are about 1s. 6d.) and will serve four people if you make them main dishes, six if you are having them as a light tea or supper dish. For Crab and Potato Casserole you need:

- 4 cups of seasoned mashed potatoes
- 2 cups of flaked, cooked crabmeat
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of buttered crumbs
- 1 cup of medium white sauce
- parsley

Line one large or six individual casseroles with mashed potatoes and bake in a hot oven till slightly browned. Fill with crabmeat and white sauce, sprinkle with crumbs and return the dish to the oven for 15 minutes until browned. Serve with parsley.

The other recipe needs mushrooms. The ingredients are:

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of sliced cooked mushrooms
- 2 tablespoons of butter or margarine

- 2 tablespoons of flour
- teaspoon of salt
- teaspoon of paprika
- cup of milk
- cup of white meat stock
- 2 cups of flaked, cooked crabmeat
- 1 egg, slightly beaten

First make a white sauce, adding the seasoning. Then add the crabmeat and well-drained mushrooms. Slowly add the egg, and serve very hot.

RAYMONDE HODGSON

Some of Our Contributors

ROY HARROD (page 203): Lecturer in Economics, Oxford University; joint editor of *The Economic Journal*, author of *The Life of John Maynard Keynes, Towards a Dynamic Economics, And So It Goes On*, etc.

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Crossword No. 1,110.

Cook's Tour.

By Zander

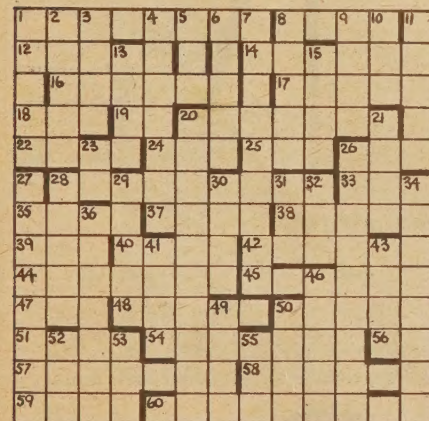
Prize (for the first five correct solutions opened): Book token, value 12s. 6d.

Closing date: First post on Thursday, August 16

Each of the nineteen items of food or drink is clued (in italics) simply by the name of the region in which it is normally consumed.

The unchecked letters of the diagram may be arranged as:

LIZ HAD JIMMY THEN



NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CLUES ACROSS

1. India (8).
8. India (4).
12. *Shetland* (5).
14. *Polynesia* (6).
16. Oak or liquid found in the plains of Cape Province (6).
- 17B. Rustic Bird 'was heard in ancient days' by emperor and me (5).
- 18-33. *Scotland* (6).
- 18A-19B. Pull by the ears and bread-eagle without detriment to age (5).
20. *Mexico* (7).
22. A large knife will cut short your show of contempt (4).
24. Hard by this grampus is an enclosure (3).
25. Undressed, chilly and damp (3).
- 26B. Essential to the construction of Piccadilly Circus and Marble Arch (3).
28. *Italy* (9).
33. See 18. 35. Feast of dedication in the night-train (4).
- 37B. Trim cadi, as you might say! (4).
38. Sheath forming a core round a stem (5).
39. A warning? Not to me! It leaves me cold (3).
40. Worries mean scoundrels (4).
42. Oil endless and in reach (6).
44. Quote about rudiments when you return, denoting the result (7).
- 45B. Squander 50 coopeks after school (6).
47. Dangle a pendant (3).
48. Spur a worthless horse on (5).
- 50B. It's a barmy scheme to keep food here! (5).
51. A still end (4).
54. *China* (7).
- 56-58. Liquor raised in surprise by Sandy (4).
57. Intoxicant that summons an imaginary country of delight (7).
58. Wife of Mark and daughter of Anguish, I disposed of the head of Esaias (6).
59. *Japan* (4).
60. (Two words) *Paraguay* (9).

DOWN

1. *Russia* (5).
2. The Scots add on one figure (5).
- 3U. When this Egyptian party is overthrown, there'll be little value placed on a gipsy's head (4).
4. Dandy little ring used by wretches? (7).
5. A chariot bears little weight in Japan (3).
- 6U. By hook or by crook I'll be eighth, or quaver (5).
7. Brief letter to Miss Lupino in the country: Look out for spiders! (9).
8. *India* (5).
- 9U. Transfer from Waterloo to Euston to reach this fishing town (4).
10. Take your measure and knock H— out of Spenser's hide (3).
11. *Yemen* (5).
13. Endure various advice (4).
15. Discovered behind the Iron Curtain with a Liberal—crikey! (4).
20. *France* (10).
21. How we used to yearn for a large bird (4).
23. See 56. 26. *East Indies* (9).
27. *Germany* (8).
28. Turkish(?) extract misquoted in Boccaccio's Overture (5).
29. 'Hark! From that moonlit — what a burst!' (5).
30. If a frown is always a crown, then — the answer's in your purse! (4).
31. Crib, cabin, and confound it, it's 32! (3).
32. See 31 (It won't take a long time) (3).
34. *West Indies* (8).
36. *Scotland* (7).
41. 'The Man from Massachusetts', according to hearsay, will lead to my delight on a shining night (4).
43. Briton introduces himself—as himself (4).
46. We have Scotch broth, Monsieur, or shrub (5).
49. Just set out from Rome and I'm dry;

about half a gallon, please (4).
- 50U. What's wrong with yellow? Better try white! (4).
- 52. Kind of choker (3).
- 53. *Japan* (3).
- 55. Siberian relation (3).

Solution of No. 1,108

2	9	4	7	5	1	8	5	7	8	2
5	9	4	5	4	3	1	6	6	9	7
8	1	9	7	5	5	9	3	9	1	2
1	2	9	5	4	1	4	3	7	1	3
2	9	3	3	9	1	3	2	1	5	3
3	8	9	5	7	1	9	1	8	9	5
2	1	9	5	7	8	1	3	5	1	9
8	3	4	7	5	3	1	4	5	8	9
5	5	3	4	5	6	5	4	1	5	9
4	4	6	6	5	6	1	1	7	1	1
6	1	9	4	1	5	3	2	9	5	3
4	1	8	1	2	5	5	1	8	9	4

NOTES

- Ac. 1. Bridge. 5. Atheling*. 10. Hobo†. 12. Eider-duck*. 14. Affright. 15. Ghazi. 16. Geometrician. 17. Arabine*. 18. Drama. 20. Cognac. 21. Discretionary. 24. Combative-ness. 28. Machine. 29. Amaranthine (*The Task* bk.iii). 31. Basin†. 32. Alfa (=Romeo). 34. Ceramic. 35. Pash(a). 36. Codger. 37. Leadership. 38. The dress. 40. Feldspar. 41. Coif. 44. Duffie. 45. Fata Morgana. 47. Invalidate. 48. Ebullience. 49. Dahabceah*. 50. Dido (See Brewer, Phrase and Fable).
Down. 1. Begat. 2. Irishman. 3. Gemini. 4. Edgewise. 5. Acedama. 6. Haversack. 7. Elfin (Keats, *La Belle Dame*). 8. Infructuous. 9. Grinning (Gibbons). 10. Hopman (Dark man for first-foot). 11. Bushbuck. 13. Dabchick. 19. Abracadabra ('A CAD'—five times in the triangle). 20. Cathedral*. [Chad later said]. 21. Dam-board. 22. Icosahedra. 23. Eisteddfod*. 25. Vitiate. 26. Queerish. 27. Electrified. 30. Paraselenae. 32. Agreeably. 33. Feeble. 39. Selfish. 41. Craven. 42. Inaction. 43. Aid (Ida, Tennyson). 46. Ogrish. †Anagram. ‡Hidden.

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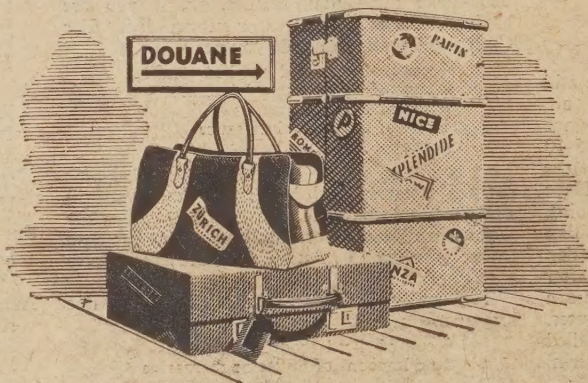
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